

THE DRAMATICK
WORKS
OF *MR*
JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;
VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

DON SEBASTIAN, King of PORTUGAL.
AMPHITRYON: *Or*, The Two SOSIA's.
CLEOMENES, The SPARTAN HEROE.
KING ARTHUR: *Or*, The BRITISH WORTHY.
LOVE TRIUMPHANT: *Or*, Nature will prevail.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON, in the Strand.

M DCC XXXV.

W O R K S



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CHRISTIAN





G. Sander Gucht. Sculp.

G. Sander Gucht. Sculp.

DON SEBASTIAN,
KING of PORTUGAL:
A
T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. **DRYDEN.**

*Nec tarda senectus
Debilitat vires animi, mutatque vigorem.* Virg.

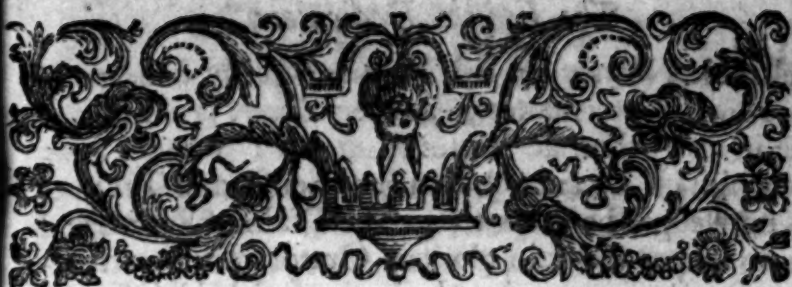


L O N D O N:
Printed for J. T O N S O N in the Strand.

M D C C X X V.

One of Dryden's best plays, and though not without sallies of somewhat
frantic dignity, it contains many passages of extraordinary excellence universally
admired. The dispute and reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian may be considered
as the finest passage.





To the Right Honourable

P H I L I P,

Earl of Leicester, &c.



AR be it from me, (my most noble Lord) to think, that any thing which my Meanness can produce, shou'd be worthy to be offer'd to your Patronage; or that ought which I can say of you shou'd recommend you farther, to the Esteem of good Men in this present Age, or to the Veneration which will certainly be paid you by Posterity. On the other side, I must acknowledge it a great Presumption in me, to make you this Address; and so much the greater, because by the common Suffrage even of contrary Parties, you have been always regarded as one of the first Persons of the Age, and yet no one Writer has dar'd to tell you so: whether we have been all conscious to our selves that it was a needless Labour to give this Notice to Mankind, as all Men are asham'd to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tell stale News ; or that we were justly diffident of our own Performances, as even *Cicero* is observ'd to be in awe when he writes to *Atticus* ; where knowing himself overmatch'd in good Sense, and Truth of Knowledge, he drops the gaudy Train of Words, and is no longer the vain-glorious Orator. From whatever Reason it may be, I am the first bold Offender of this kind : I have broken down the Fence, and ventur'd into the holy Grove : how I may be punish'd for my profane Attempt, I know not ; but I wish it may not be of ill Omen to your Lordship ; and that a Croud of bad Writers do not rush into the Quiet of your Recesses after me. Every Man in all Changes of Government, which have been, or may possibly arrive, will agree, that I cou'd not have offer'd my Incense, where it cou'd be so well deserv'd. For you, my Lord, are secure in your own Merit ; and all Parties, as they rise uppermost, are sure to court you in their turns ; 'tis a Tribute which has ever been paid your Virtue : The leading Men still bring their Bullion to your Mint, to receive the Stamp of their intrinsic Value, that they may afterwards hope to pass with human kind. They rise and fall in the Variety of Revolutions ; and are sometimes great, and therefore wise in Mens Opinions, who must court them for their Interest : But the Reputation of their Parts most commonly follows their Success ; few of 'em are wise, but as they are in Power : Because indeed, they have no Sphere of their own, but like the Moon in the *Copernican* System of the World, are whirl'd about by the Motion of a greater Planet. This it is to be ever busy ; neither to give rest to their Fellow-Creatures, nor, which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves : Tho' truly, the latter is a kind of Justice, and giving Mankind a due Revenge, that they will not permit their own
Hearts

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the Repose of all beside them. Ambitious Meteors! how willing they are to set themselves upon the Wing; taking every Occasion of drawing upward to the Sun: Not considering that they have no more Time allow'd them for their Mounting, than the short Revolution of a Day; and that when the Light goes from them, they are of necessity to fall. How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one Phoenix in an Age) who centring on himself remains immoveable, and smiles at the Madness of the Dance about him? He possesses the midst, which is the Portion of Safety and Content: He will not be higher, because he needs it not; but by the Prudence of that Choice, he puts it out of Fortune's Power to throw him down. 'Tis confess'd, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for Happiness; but not endeavouring to ascend, he secures the native Height of his Station from Envy: and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious Character was this once in *Rome*! I shou'd say in *Athens*, when in the Disturbances of a State as mad as ours, the wise *Pomponius* transported all the remaining Wisdom and Virtue of his Country, into the Sanctuary of Peace and Learning. But I would ask the World, (for you, my Lord, are too nearly concern'd to judge this Cause) whether there may not yet be found a Character of a noble *English* Man, equally shining with that illustrious *Roman*. Whether I need to name a second *Atticus*; or whether the World has not already prevented me, and fix'd it there without my Naming. Not a second with a *longo sed proximus intervallo*, not a young *Marcellus*, flatter'd by a Poet into the Resemblance of the first, with a *frons læta parum*,

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Et dejecto lumina vultu, and the rest that follows, *si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris*: But a Person of the same Stamp and Magnitude; who owes nothing to the former, besides the Word *Roman*, and the Superstition of Reverence, devolving on him by the Precedency of eighteen hundred Years: One who walks by him with equal Paces, and shares the Eyes of Beholders with him: One who had been first, had he first liv'd; and in spite of doating Veneration is still his Equal. Both of them born of noble Families, in unhappy Ages of Change and Tumult: both of them retiring from Affairs of State: Yet not leaving the Commonwealth, till it had left it self: but never returning to publick Business, when they had once quitted it; tho' courted by the Heads of either Party. But who wou'd trust the Quiet of their Lives, with the Extravagancies of their Countrymen, when they were just in the Giddiness of their Turning; when the Ground was tottering under them at every Moment; and none cou'd guess whether the next Heave of the Earthquake wou'd settle them on the First Foundation, or swallow it? Both of 'em knew Mankind exactly well; for both of 'em began that Study in themselves; and there they found the best part of human Composition, the worst they learn'd by long Experience of the Folly, Ignorance, and Immorality of most beside them; their Philosophy on both sides, was not wholly speculative, for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain Ideas of things which cannot possibly be known, or if they cou'd, yet wou'd only terminate in the Understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical Philosophy, which exerted it self in all the Offices of Pity, to those who weee unfortunate, and deserv'd not so to be. The Friend was always more consider'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

sider'd by them than the Cause : And an *Octavius*, or an *Antony* in distress, were reliev'd by them, as well as a *Brutus* or a *Cassius*. For the lowermost Party, to a noble Mind, is ever the fittest Object of Good-will. The eldest of them, I will suppose for his Honour, to have been of the Academick Sect, neither Dogmatist nor Stoick ; if he were not, I am sure he ought in common Justice, to yield the Precedency to his younger Brother. For Stiffness of Opinion is the effect of Pride, and not of Philosophy : 'Tis a miserable Presumption of that Knowledge which human Nature is too narrow to contain. And the Ruggedness of a Stoick is only a silly Affectation of being a God : To wind himself up by Pullies, to an Insensibility of Suffering ; and at the same time to give the Lye to his own Experience, by saying he suffers not, what he knows he feels. True Philosophy is certainly of a more pliant Nature, and more accommodated to human Use ; *Homo sum, humani a me nihil alienum puto*. A wise Man will never attempt an Impossibility : and such it is to strain himself beyond the Nature of his Being : either to become a Deity, by being above Suffering, or to debase himself into a Stock or Stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in our selves the Weaknesses and Imperfections of our wretched Kind, is surely the most reasonable Step we can make towards the Compassion of our Fellow-Creatures. I cou'd give Examples of this kind in the second *Atticus*. In every Turn of State, without meddling on either side, he has always been favourable and assisting to oppress'd Merit. The Praises which were given by a great Poet to the late Queen Mother on her rebuilding *Somerset Palace*, one Part of which was fronting to the mean Houses on the other side of the Water, are as justly his :

For,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*For, the Distrest. and the Afflicted lie
Most in his Thoughts, and always in his Eye.*

Neither has he so far forgot a poor Inhabitant of his Suburbs, whose best Prospect is on the Garden of *Leicester House*; but that more than once he has been offering him his Patronage, to reconcile him to a World, of which his Misfortunes have made him weary. There is another *Sidney* still remaining, tho' there can never be another *Spenser* to deserve the Favour. But one *Sidney* gave his Patronage to the Applications of a Poet; the other offer'd it unasked. Thus, whether as a second *Atticus*, or a second Sir *Philip Sidney*, the latter in all respects will not have the worse of the Comparison; and if he will take up with the second Place, the World will not so far flatter his Modesty, as to seat him there, unless it be out of a Deference of Manners, that he may place himself where he pleases at his own Table.

I may therefore safely conclude, that he, who by the Consent of all Men, bears so eminent a Character, will out of his inborn Nobleness forgive the Presumption of this Address. 'Tis an unfinished Picture, I confess, but the Lines and Features are so like, that it cannot be mistaken for any other; and without writing any Name under it, every Beholder must cry out, at the first sight, this was design'd for *Atticus*; but the bad Artist has cast too much of him into Shades. But I have this Excuse, that even the greatest Masters commonly fall short of the best Faces. They may flatter an indifferent Beauty; but the Excellencies of Nature can have no Right done to them: For
there

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For there both the Pencil and the Pen are overcome
by the Dignity of the Subject: as our admirable
Waller has express'd it,

The Heroe's Race transcends the Poet's Thought.

There are few in any Age who can bear the
Load of a Dedication; for where Praise is undeserv'd,
'tis Satire: Tho' Satire on Folly is now no longer
a Scandal to any one Person, where a whole Age is
dipt together; yet I had rather undertake a Multi-
tude one way, than a single *Atticus* the other; for
'tis easier to descend, than 'tis to climb. I shou'd
have gone asham'd out of the World, if I had not
at least attempted this Address, which I have long
thought owing: And if I had never attempted, I
might have been vain enough to think I might have
succeeded in it. Now I have made the Experiment,
and have fail'd, thro' my Unworthiness, I may rest
satisfy'd, that either the Adventure is not to be at-
chiev'd, or that it is reserv'd for some other Hand.

Be pleas'd therefore, since the Family of the *At-
tici* is and ought to be above the common Forms
of concluding Letters, that I may take my leave in
the Words of *Cicero* to the first of them: *Me, O
Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere; tantum te oro,
ut quoniam me ipse semper amâsti, ut eodem amore
sis; ego nimirum idem sum. Inimici mei mea mihi,
non me ipsum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*

Dabam Cal.

Jan. 1690.



T H E



T H E
P R E F A C E.

WHether it happen'd thro' a long Difuse of Writing, that I forgot the usual Compass of a Play : or that by crouding it with Characters and Incidents, I put a Necessity upon my self of lenghtning the main Action, I know not : but the first Day's Audience sufficiently convinc'd me of my Error ; and that the Poem was insupportably too long. 'Tis an ill Ambition of us Poets, to please an Audience with more than they can hear : And, supposing that we wrote as well as vainly we imagine ourselves to write, yet we ought to consider, that no Man can bear to be long tickled. There is a Nauseousness in a City-Feast, when we are to sit four Hours after we are cloy'd. I am therefore in the first place to acknowledge, with all manner of Gratitude, their Civility, who were pleas'd to endure it with so much Patience, to be weary with so much Good-nature and Silence, and not to explode an Entertainment, which was design'd to please them ; or discourage an Author, whose Misfortunes have once more brought him, against his Will, upon the Stage. While I continue in these bad Circumstances, (and truly I see very little Probability of coming out) I must be oblig'd to write ; and if I may still hope for the same kind

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Kind Usage, I shall the less repent of that hard Necessity. I write not this out of any Expectation to be pitied; for I have Enemies enough to wish me yet in a worse Condition: but give me leave to say, that if I can please by Writing, as I shall endeavour it, the Town may be somewhat obliged to my Misfortunes, for a part of their Diversiſion. Having been longer acquainted with the Stage, than any Poet now living, and having observed how difficult it was to please; that the Humours of Comedy were almost spent, that Love and Honour (the mistaken Topicks of Tragedy) were quite worn out, that the Theatres could not support their Charges, that the Audience forsook them, that young Men without Learning set up for Judges, and that they talk'd loudest, who understood the least: all these Discouragements had not only wean'd me from the Stage, but had also given me a Loathing of it. But enough of this: the Difficulties continue; they encrease, and I am still condemn'd to dig in those exhausted Mines. Whatever Fault I next commit, rest assur'd it shall not be that of too much Length: Above twelve hundred Lines have been cut off from this Tragedy, since it was first deliver'd to the Actors. They were indeed so judiciously lopp'd by Mr. *Betterton*, to whose Care and excellent Action I am equally oblig'd, that the Connexion of the Story was not lost; but on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some part of the Action from being precipitated and coming on without that due Preparation, which is required to all great Events: as in particular, that of raising the Mobile, in the beginning of the fourth Act; which a Man of *Benducar's* cool Character cou'd not naturally attempt, without taking all those Precautions, which he foresaw wou'd be necessary to render his Design successful. On this Consideration I have replac'd those Lines thro' the whole Poem; and thereby restor'd it to that Clearness of Conception, and (if I may dare to say) that Lustre and Masculine Vigour, in which it was first written. 'Tis obvious to every understanding Reader, that the most Poetical Parts, which are Description, Images, Similitudes, and Moral Sentences, are those which of necessity

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necessity were to be pared away, when the Body was swollen into too large a Bulk for the Representation of the Stage. But there is a vast Difference betwixt a publick Entertainment on the Theatre, and a private Reading in the Closet: In the first we are confin'd to Time, and tho' we talk not by the Hour-glass, yet the Watch often drawn out of the Pocket warns the Actors that their Audience is weary: in the last every Reader is Judge of his own Convenience; he can take up the Book and lay it down at his pleasure; and find out those Beauties of Propriety in Thought and Writing, which escap'd him in the Tumult and Hurry of Representing. And I dare boldly promise for this Play, that in the Roughness of the Numbers and Cadences, (which I assure was not casual, but so design'd) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your View, than in most, if not any of my former Tragedies. There is a more noble Daring in the Figures, and more suitable to the Loftiness of the Subject; and besides this, some Newnesses of *English*, translated from the Beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the Elegancies of the *Latin*; and here and there some old Words are sprinkled, which for their Significance and Sound deserv'd not to be antiquated; such as we often find in *Sallust* amongst the *Roman* Authors, and in *Milton's Paradise* amongst ours; tho' perhaps the latter, instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his Sense.

As for the Story or Plot of the Tragedy, 'tis purely Fiction; for I take it up where the History has laid it down. We are assur'd by all Writers of those Times, that *Sebastian* a young Prince of great Courage and Expectation, undertook that War partly upon a Religious Account, partly at the Sollicitation of *Muley-Mahomet*, who had been driven out of his Dominions by *Abdelmelech*, or as others call him, *Muley-Moluch* his nigh Kinsman, who descended from the same Family of the *Xeriffs*, whose Fathers *Hamet* and *Mahomet* had conquer'd that Empire with joint Forces, and shar'd it betwixt them after their Victory: That the Body of *Don Sebastian* was
never

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never found in the Field of Battle; which gave occasion for many to believe, that he was not slain; that some Years after, when the *Spaniards* with a pretended Title, by force of Arms had usurp'd the Crown of *Portugal* from the House of *Braganza*, a certain Person who call'd himself *Don Sebastian*, and had all the Marks of his Body and Features of his Face, appear'd at *Venice*, where he was own'd by some of his Country-men; but being seiz'd by the *Spaniards*, was first imprison'd, then sent to the Gallies, and at last put to Death in private. 'Tis most certain, that the *Portuguese* expected his Return for almost an Age together after that Battle; which is at least a Proof of their extream Love to his Memory; and the Usage which they had from their new Conquerors, might possibly make them so extravagant in their Hopes and Wishes for thcir old Master.

This Ground-work the History afforded me, and I desire no better to build a Play upon it: For where the Event of a great Action is left doubtful, there the Poet is left Master: He may raise what he pleases on that Foundation, provided he makes it of a piece, and according to the Rule of Probability. From hence I was only oblig'd that *Sebastian* should return to *Portugal* no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in *Africk*, or in any other corner of the World, or to have clos'd the Tragedy with his Death: and the last of these was certainly the most easy, but for the same Reason, the least artful; because, as I have somewhere said, the Poison and the Dagger are still at hand to butcher a Heroe, when a Poet wants the Brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary, according to the Laws of the *Drama*, that *Sebastian* should no more be seen upon the Throne, I leave it for the World to judge, whether or no I have dispos'd of him according to Art, or have bungled up the Conclusion of his Adventure. In the Drawing of his Character I forgot not Piety, which any one may observe to be one principal Ingredient of it; even so far as to be a Habit in him; tho' I shew him once to be transported from it by the Violence of a sudden Passion, to endeavour a Self-

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Self-Murder. This being pre-suppos'd, that he was religious, the Horror of his Incest, tho' innocently committed, was the best Reason which the Stage cou'd give for hindring his Return. 'Tis true, I have no Right to blast his Memory with such a Crime: But declaring it to be Fiction, I desire my Audience to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented: For that once ended, he may be a Saint for ought I know; and we have Reason to presume he is. On this Supposition, it was unreasonable to have kill'd him: For the Learned Mr. Rymer has well observ'd, that in all Punishments we are to regulate our selves by Poetical Justice; and according to those Measures an involuntary Sin deserves not Death: from whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved Object, to retire into a Desert, and deprive himself of a Throne, was the utmost Punishment which a Poet cou'd inflict, as it was also the utmost Reparation which *Sebastian* cou'd make. For what relates to *Almeyda*, her Part is wholly fictitious: I know it is the Sirname of a noble Family in *Portugal*, which was very instrumental in the Restoration of *Don John de Braganza*, Father to the most Illustrious and most pious Princess our Queen Dowager. The French Author of a Novel call'd *Don Sebastian*, has given that Name to an African Lady of his own Invention, and makes her Sister to *Muley-Mahomet*. But I have wholly chang'd the Accidents, and borrow'd nothing but the Supposition, that she was belov'd by the King of *Portugal*. Tho' if I had taken the whole Story, and wrought it up into a Play, I might have done it exactly according to the Practice of almost all the Ancients; who were never accus'd of being Plagiaries, for building their Tragedies on known Fables. Thus *Augustus Cæsar* wrote an *Ajax*, which was not the less his own, because *Euripides* had written a Play before him on that Subject. Thus of late Years *Corneille* writ an *OEdipus* after *Sophocles*; and I have design'd one after him, which I wrote with Mr. Lee: yet neither the French Poet stole from the Greek, nor we from the French-man. 'Tis the Contrivance, the new Turn, and new Characters, which alter the Property, and make it ours. The Ma-
teria

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tertia Poetica is as common to all Writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all Physicians. Thus in our *Chronicles*, *Daniel's* History is still his own, tho' *Matthew Paris*, *Stow*, and *Hollingshed* writ before him; otherwise we must have been content with their dull Relations, if a better Pen had not been allow'd to come after them, and writ his own Account after a new and better Manner.

I must further declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three mechanick Rules of Unity: I knew them, and had them in my Eye, but follow'd them only at a Distance: for the Genius of the *English* cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to Variety, even to a Debauchery of Pleasure. My Scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my Under-plot requir'd them so to be; tho' the general Scene remains of the same Castle; and I have taken the Time of two Days, because the Variety of Accidents, which are here represented, cou'd not naturally be supposed to arrive in one: But to gain a greater Beauty, 'tis lawful for a Poet to supersede a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known History, in the Death of *Muley-Moluch*, who, by all Relations, died of a Fever in the Battel, before his Army had wholly won the Field: but if I have allow'd him another Day of Life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a Character of Brutality, as I have given him; which is indeed the same with that of the present Emperor *Muley-Ishmael*, as some of our *English* Officers, who have been in his Court, have credibly inform'd me.

I have been listning what Objections had been made against the Conduct of the Play, but found them all so trivial, that if I shou'd name them, a true Critick wou'd imagine that I play'd Booty, and only rais'd up Fantoms for my self to conquer. Some are pleas'd to say the Writing is dull; but *ætatem habet, de se loquatur*. Others, that the double Poison is unnatural; let the common receiv'd Opinion, and *Ausonius* his famous Epigram answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant Sort of Creatures than either of the former, maintain that the Character of *Dorax* is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with it self; let them

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them read the Play and think again ; and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their Eyes on that Chapter of the wise *Montaigne*, which is entituled, *de l'Inconstance des Actions humaines*. A longer Reply is what those Cavillers deserve not ; but I will give them and their Fellows to understand, that the Earl of *Dorset* was pleas'd to read the Tragedy twice over before it was Acted ; and did me the Favour to send me Word, that I had written beyond any of my former Plays ; and that he was displeased any Thing shou'd be cut away. If I have not Reason to prefer his single Judgment to a whole Faction, let the World be Judge ; for the Opposition is the same with that of *Lucan's* Heroe against an Army ; *concurrere bellum, atque virum*. I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever Errors there may be, either in the Design, or Writing of this Play, they are not those which have been objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arriv'd to the Age of Doting ; and that I have given so much Application to this Poem, that I cou'd not probably let it run into many gross Absurdities : which may caution my Enemies from too rash a Censure ; and may also encourage my Friends, who are many more than I cou'd reasonably have expected, to believe their Kindness has not been very undeservedly bestow'd on me. This is not a Play that was huddl'd up in haste : and to shew it was not, I will own, that besides the general Moral of it, which is given in the four last Lines, there is also another Moral, couch'd under every one of the principal Parts and Characters ; which a judicious Critick will observe, tho' I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be also some secret Beauties in the Decorum of Parts, and Uniformity of Design, which my puny Judges will not easily find out ; let them consider in the last Scene of the Fourth Act, whether I have not preserv'd the Rule of Decency, in giving all the Advantage to the Royal Character, and in making *Dorax* first submit : Perhaps too they may have thought, that it was thro' Indigence of Characters, I have given the same to *Sebastian* and *Almeyda* ; and consequently made them alike in all Things but their Sex. But let them look a little deeper into the Matter, and they will find that
this

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this Identity of Character in the Greatness of their Souls, was intended for a Preparation of the final Discovery, and that the Likeness of their Nature, was a fair Hint to the Proximity of their Blood.

To avoid the Imputation of too much Vanity (for all Writers, and especially Poets will have some) I will give but one other Instance, in relation to the Uniformity of the Design. I have observ'd, that the *English* will not bear a thorow Tragedy; but are pleas'd, that it shou'd be lightned with Under-Parts of Mirth. It had been easy for me to have given my Audience a better Course of Comedy, I mean a more diverting, than that of *Antonio* and *Morayma*. But I dare appeal even to my Enemies, if I or any Man cou'd have invented one which had been more of a Piece, and more depending on the serious Part of the Design. For what cou'd be more uniform, than to draw from out of the Members of a Captive Court, the Subject of a comical Entertainment? To prepare this Episode, you see *Dorax* giving the Character of *Antonio*, in the Beginning of the Play, upon his first Sight of him at the Lottery; and to make the Dependence, *Antonio* is engag'd in the Fourth Act, for the Deliverance of *Almeyda*; which is also prepar'd, by his being first made a Slave to the Captain of the Rabble.

I shou'd beg Pardon for these Instances; but perhaps they may be of Use to future Poets, in the Conduct of their Plays: At least if I appear too positive, I am growing old, and thereby in possession of some Experience, which Men in Years will always assume for a Right of Talking. Certainly if a Man can ever have Reason to set a Value on himself, 'tis when his ungenerous Enemies are taking the Advantage of the Times upon him, to ruin him in his Reputation. And therefore for once, I will make bold to take the Counsel of my old Master, *Virgil*,

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

P R O-



PROLOGUE,

Sent to the Author by an unknown-Hand,
and propos'd to be Spoken by Mrs. Mount-
ford, dress'd like an Officer.

B Right Beauties who in awful Circle sit,
And you grave Synod of the dreadful Pit,
And you the Upper-Tire of Poppun-Wit,

Pray ease me of my Wonder, if you may:
Is all this Crowd barely to see the Play,
Or is't the Poet's Execution Day?

His Breath is in your Hands I will presume,
But I advise you to defer his Doom,
Till you have got a better in his Room;

And don't maliciously combine together,
As if in Spight and Spleen you were come hither;
For he has kept the Pen, tho' lost the Feather.

And on my Honour, Ladies, I avow,
This Play was writ in Charity to you:
For such a Dearth of Wit who ever knew?

Sure'tis a Judgment on this Sinful Nation,
For the Abuse of so great Dispensation:
And therefore I resolve to change Vocation.

For want of Petty-Coat I've put on Buff,
To try what may be got by lying rough:
How think you, Sirs, is it not well enough?

Of Bully-Criticks I a Troop wou'd lead;
But one replied, Thank you, there's no such Need,
I at Groom-Porter's, Sir, can safer bleed.

Another, who the Name of Danger loaths,
Vow'd he wou'd go, and swore me forty Oaths,
But that his Horses were in Body-Clothes.

PROLOGUE.

*A Third cry'd, Dam my Blood, I'd be content
To push my Fortune, if the Parliament
Wou'd but recal Claret from Banishment.*

*A Fourth (and I have done) made this Excuse,
I'd draw my Sword in Ireland, Sir, to chuse;
Had not their Women gouty Legs, and wore no Shoes.*

*Well, I may march, thought I, and fight, and trudge,
But of these Blades the Devil a Man will budge;
They there would fight, e'en just as here they judge.*

*Here they will pay for Leave to find a Fault,
But when their Honour calls, they can't be bought;
Honour in Danger, Blood and Wounds is sought.*

*Lost Virtue whither fled, or where's thy Dwelling
Who can reveal? at least 'tis past my telling,
Unless thou art embarkt for Inniskilling.*

*On Carrion-Tits those Sparks denounce their Rage,
In Boot of Wisp and Leinster Frise engage:
What would you do in such an Equipage?*

*The Siege of Derry does you Gallants threaten:
Not out of errant Shame of being beaten,
As Fear of wanting Meat, or being eaten:*

*Were Wit like Honour, to be won by Fighting,
How few just Judges would there be of Writing,
Then you would leave this villainous Back-biting.*

*Your Talents lie how to express your Spight,
But where is he knows how to praise aright?
You praise like Cowards, but like Criticks fight.*

*Ladies be wise, and wean these yearling Calves,
Who in your Service too are meer Faux-braves,
They Judge, and Write, and Fight, and — Love by Halves,*



PRO-



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by a Woman.

THE Judge remov'd, tho' he's no more my Lord,
May plead at Bar, or at the Council-Board :
So may cast Poets write ; there's no Pretension
To argue Loss of Wit, from Loss of Pension.
Your Looks are chearful ; and in all this Place
I see not one, that wears a damning Face.
The British Nation is too brave, to show
Ignoble Vengeance on a vanquish'd Foe.
At least be civil to the Wretch imploring ;
And lay your Parws upon him, without Roaring :
Suppose our Poet was your Foe before ;
Yet now, the Bus'ness of the Field is o'er ;
'Tis Time to let your Civil-Wars alone,
When Troops are into Winter-Quarters gone.
Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian ;
And you well know, a Play's of no Religion.
Take good Advice, and please your selves this Day ;
No matter from what Hands you have the Play.
Among good Fellows every Health will pass,
That serves to carry round another Glas :
When, with full Bowls of Burgundy you dine,
Tho' at the mighty Monarch you repine,
You grant him still most Christian in his Wine.
Thus far the Poet ; but his Brains grow Addle :
And all the rest is purely from this Noddle,

You'v

P R O L O G U E.

*You've seen young Ladies at the Senate-Door,
 Prefer Petitions, and your Grace implore ;
 However Grave the Legislators were,
 Their Cause went ne'er the worse for being fair.
 Reasons as weak as theirs, perhaps, I bring ;
 But I cou'd bribe you with as good a thing.
 I heard him make Advances of good Nature ;
 That he, for once, wou'd sheath his cutting Satire :
 Sign but his Peace, he vows he'll ne'er again
 The sacred Names of Fops, and Beaus profane.
 Strike up the Bargain quickly ; for I swear,
 As Times go now, he offers very fair.
 Be not too hard on him with Statutes neither,
 Be kind ; and do not set your Teeth together,
 To stretch the Larws, as Coblers do their Leather.
 Horses by Papists are not to be ridden ;
 But sure the Muses Horse was ne'er forbidden.
 For in no Rate-Book it was ever found
 That Pegasus was valued at Five Pound :
 Fine him to daily Drudging and Inditing :
 And let him pay his Taxes out in Writing.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Don Sebastian</i> , King of Portugal.	Mr. Willidms.
<i>Muley-Moluch</i> , Emperor of Barbary.	Mr. Kynaston.
<i>Dorax</i> , a Noble Portuguese, now a Renegade, formerly <i>Don Alonzo de</i> <i>Sylvera</i> , Alcade, or Governor of <i>Alcazar</i> .	} Mr. Betterton.
<i>Benducar</i> , Chief Minister, and Fa- vourite to the Emperor.	
The Mufti <i>Abdalla</i> ,	Mr. Underhill.
<i>Muley-Zeydan</i> , Brother to the Emperor.	Mr. Powell, Jun.
<i>Don Antonio</i> , a young, noble, amorous Portuguese, now a Slave.	} Mr. Montford,
<i>Don Alvarez</i> , an old Counsellor to <i>Don Sebastian</i> , now a Slave also.	
<i>Mustapha</i> , Captain of the Rabble.	Mr. Leigh.

W O M E N.

<i>Almeyda</i> , a Captive Queen of Barbary.	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Morayma</i> , Daughter to the Mufti.	Mrs. Montford.
<i>Johayma</i> , Chief Wife to the Mufti.	Mrs. Leigh.
Two Merchants.	
Rabble.	
A Servant to <i>Benducar</i> .	
A Servant to the Mufti.	

SCENE in the Castle of *Alcázar*.



DON SEBASTIAN, *King of* PORTUGAL.

1690.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The SCENE at Alcazar, representing a
Market-Place under the Castle.*

Enter Muley-Zeydan, and Benducar.

MULEY-ZEYDAN.



OW *Africa's* long Wars are at an end,
And our parch'd Earth is drench'd in
Christian Blood;

My conquering Brother will have Slaves
enow

To pay his cruel Vows for Victory.

What hear you of *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*?

Bend. He fell among a Heap of slaughter'd *Moors*;

Tho' yet his mangled Carcass is not found.

The Rival of our threatn'd Empire, *Mahomet*,

Was hot pursu'd; and in the general Rout,

Mistook a swelling Current for a Ford;

And in *Mucazar's* Flood was seen to rise;

B 2

Thrice

Thrice was he seen ; at length his Courser plung'd,
And threw him off ; the Waves whelm'd over him,
And helpless in his heavy Arms he drown'd.

Mul. Zeyd. Thus, then, a doubtful Title is extinguish'd :
Thus *Moluch*, still the Favourite of Fate,
Swims in a sanguine Torrent to the Throne :
As if our Prophet only work'd for him ;
The Heavens and all the Stars are his hir'd Servants,
As *Muley-Zeydan* were not worth their Care,
And younger Brothers but the Druff of Nature.

Bend. Be still, and learn the soothing Arts of Court ;
Adore his Fortune, mix with flattering Crouds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest ;
Your Brother is luxurious, close and cruel,
Generous by Fits, but permanent in Mischief.
The Shadow of a Discontent wou'd ruin us ;
We must be safe before we can be great :
These things observ'd, leave me to shape the rest.

Mul. Zeyd. You have the Key ; he opens inward to you.

Bend. So often try'd, and ever found so true,
Has given me Trust, and Trust has given me Means
Once to be false for all. I trust not him :
For now his Ends are serv'd, and he grown absolute,
How am I sure to stand who serv'd those Ends ?
I know your Nature open, mild, and grateful ;
In such a Prince the People may be blest,
And I be safe.

Mul. Zeyd. My Father !

[Embracing him.]

Bend. My future King, (auspicious *Muley-Zeydan*),
Shall I adore you ? No, the Place is publick ;
I worship you within, the outward Act
Shall be reserv'd till Nations follow me,
And Heaven shall envy you the kneeling World.
You know th' Alcade of *Alcazar*, *Dorax* ?

Mul. Zeyd. The gallant Renegade you mean ?

Bend. The same :

That gloomy Outside, like a rusty Chest,
Contains the shining Treasure of a Soul
Resolv'd and brave ; he has the Soldiers Hearts,
And Time shall make him ours.

Mul. Zeyd. He's just upon us.

Bend.

Bend. I know him from afar,
By the long Stride and by the sullen Port :
Retire my Lord.

Wait on your Brother's Triumph, yours is next,
His Growth is but a wild and fruitless Plant,
I'll cut his barren Branches to the Stock,
And graft you on to bear.

Mul. Zeyd. My Oracle! [Exit *Mul. Zeyd.*

Bend. Yes to delude your Hopes, poor credulous Fool,
To think that I wou'd give away the Fruit
Of so much Toil, such Guilt, and such Damnation;
If I am damn'd it shall be for my self:
This easy Fool must be my Stale, set up
To catch the Peoples Eyes; he's tame and merciful,
Him I can manage, till I make him odious
By some unpopular Act, and then dethrone him.

Enter Dorax.

Now *Dorax*!

Dor. Well *Bemboucar*!

Bend. Bare *Bemboucar*!

Dor. Thou wouldst have Titles, take 'em then, Chief
First Hangman of the State. [Minister,

Bend. Some call me Favourite.

Dor. What's that, his Minion?

Thou art too old to be a Catamite!
Now pr'ythee tell me, and abate thy Pride,
Is not *Benducar* bare, a better Name
In a Friend's Mouth, than all those gaudy Titles,
Which I disdain to give the Man I love?

Bend. But always out of Humour —

Dor. I have Cause:

Tho' all Mankind is Cause enough for Satire.

Bend. Why then thou hast reveng'd thee on Mankind;
They say, in Fight thou hadst a thirsty Sword,
And well 'twas glutted there.

Dor. I spitted Frogs, I crush'd a Heap of Emmets,
A Hundred of 'em to a single Soul,
And that but scanty Weight too: The great Devil
Scarce thank'd me for my Pains; he swallows Vulgar
Like whipp'd Cream, feels 'em not in going down.

Bend. Brave Renegade! could'st thou not meet *Sebastian*—
Thy Master had been worthy of thy Sword. [an?

Dor. My Master? By what Title?
Because I happen'd to be born where he
Happen'd to be King? And yet I serv'd him,
Nay, I was Fool enough to love him too.
You know my Story, how I was rewarded
For fifteen hard Campaigns, still hoop'd in Iron,
And why I turn'd *Mahometan*: I'm grateful;
But whosoever dares to injure me,
Let that Man know, I dare to be reveng'd.

Bend. Still you run off from Bias; say what moves
Your present Spleen?

Dor. You mark'd not what I told you;
I kill'd not one that was his Maker's Image;
I met with none but vulgar two-legg'd Brutes,
Sebastian was my Aim; he was a Man:
Nay, though he hated me, and I hate him,
Yet I must do him Right; he was a Man,
Above Man's Height, ev'n tow'ring to *Divinity*;
Brave, pious, generous, great, and liberal:
Just, as the Scales of Heaven that weigh the Seasons.
He lov'd his People, him they idoliz'd:
And thence proceeds my mortal Hatred to him,
That thus unblameable to all besides
He err'd to me alone:
His Goodness was diffus'd to human Kind,
And all his Cruelty confin'd to me.

Bend. You cou'd not meet him then?

Dor. No, though I fought
Where Ranks fell thickest; 'twas indeed the Place
To seek *Sebastian*: Through a Track of Death
I follow'd him by Groans of dying Foes,
But still I came too late, for he was flown
Like Lightning, swift before me to new Slaughters.
I mow'd a-crois, and made irregular Harvest,
Defac'd the Pomp of Battle, but in vain,
For he was still supplying Death elsewhere:
This mads me, that perhaps ignoble Hands
Have overlaid him, for they cou'd not conquer:

Mur.

Murder'd by Multitudes, whom I alone
 Had Right to slay; I too wou'd have been slain,
 That catching hold upon his flitting Ghost,
 I might have robb'd him of his opening Heav'n;
 And drag'd him down with me, spite of Predestination.

Bend. 'Tis of as much Import as *Africk's* Worth,
 To know what came of him, and of *Almeyda*,
 The Sister of the vanquish'd *Mahomet*,
 Whose fatal Beauty to her Brother drew
 The Land's third Part, as *Lucifer* did Heav'n's.

Dor. I hope she dy'd in her own Female Calling,
 Choak'd up with Man, and gorg'd with Circumcision.
 As for *Sebastian*, we must search the Field,
 And where we see a Mountain of the Slain,
 Send one to climb, and looking down below,
 There he shall find him at his Manly Length,
 With his Face up to Heav'n, in the red Monument,
 Which his true Sword has digg'd.

Bend. Yet we may possibly hear farther News;
 For while our *Africans* pursu'd the Chace,
 The Captain of the Rabble issued out,
 With a black Shirtless Train to spoil the Dead,
 And seize the Living.

Dor. Each of 'em an Host,
 A Million strong of Vermin ev'ry Villain:
 No part of Government, but Lords of Anarchy,
 Chaos of Power, and privileg'd Destruction.

Bend. Yet I must tell you Friend, the Great must use
 Sometimes as necessary Tools of Tumult: [em,

Dor. I wou'd use 'em
 Like Dogs in Times of Plague, Out-Laws of Nature,
 Fit to be shot and brain'd, without a Process,
 To stop Infection, that's their proper Death.

Bend. No more,
 Behold the Emperor coming to survey
 The Slaves, in order to perform his Vow.

Enter Muley-Moluch the Emperor, with Attendants.

The Mufty, and Muley-Zeydan.

Mol. Our Armour now may rust, our idle Scymiters
 Hang by our Sides for Ornament, not Use;

Children shall beat our Atabals and Drums,
 And all the noisy Trades of War no more
 Shall wake the peaceful Morn: The *Xeriff's* Blood
 No longer in divided Channels runs,
 The younger House took End in *Mabomet*.
 Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable Name
 Be longer us'd, to lull the crying Babe!

Muf. For this Victorious Day our mighty Prophet
 Expects your Gratitude, the Sacrifice
 Of Christian Slaves, devoted, if you won.

Mol. The Purple Present shall be richly paid:
 That Vow perform'd, Fasting shall be abolish'd:
 None ever serv'd Heav'n well with a starv'd Face:
 Preach Abstinence no more; I tell thee *Musti*,
 Good Feasting is devout: And thou our Head,
 Hast a religious, ruddy Countenance:
 We will have learned Luxury; our lean Faith
 Gives Scandal to the *Christians*: they feed high:
 Then look for Shoals of Converts, when thou hast
 Reform'd us into Feasting.

Muf. Fasting is but the Letter of the Law:
 Yet it shews well to preach it to the Vulgar.
 Wine is against our Law, that's literal too,
 But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides:
 Wine is a holy Liquor for the Great.

Dor. [*Aside.*] This *Musti* in my Conscience is some
English Renegado, he talks so favourily of Topping.

Mol. Bring forth th' unhappy Relicks of the War.
Enter Mustapha Captain of the Rabble, with his Followers of the Black-Guard, &c. and other Moors:
With them a Company of Portuguese Slaves, without
any of the chief Persons.

Mul. Mol. These are not fit to pay an Emperor's Vow;
 Our Bulls and Rams had been more noble Victims;
 These are but Garbage, not a Sacrifice.

Muf. The Prophet must not pick and chuse his Offerings;
 Now he has given the Day, 'tis past recalling:
 And he must be content with such as these. [*Misters.*

Mul. Mol. But are these all? Speak you that are their

Muf. All upon my Honour: If you'll take 'em as their
 Fathers got 'em, so. If not, you must stay till they get

a better Generation : These *Christians* are mere Bunglers ; they procreate nothing but out of their own Wives ; and these have all the Looks of eldest Sons.

Muley-Mol. Pain of your Lives let none conceal a Slave.

Must. Let every Man look to his own Conscience, I am sure mine shall never hang me.

Bend. Thou speak'st as if thou wert privy to Concealments : Then thou art an Accomplice.

Must. Nay, if Accomplices must suffer, it may go hard with me ; but here's the Devil on't, there's a great Man, and a holy Man too concern'd with me. Now if I confess, he'll be sure to escape between his Greatness and his Holiness, and I shall be murder'd, because of my Poverty and Rascality.

Must. [*winking at him.*] Then if thy Silence save the Great and Holy,

'Tis sure thou shalt go streight to *Paradise*.

Must. 'Tis a fine Place they say ; but Doctor, I am not worthy on't : I am contented with this homely World, 'tis good enough for such a poor rascally *Mussulman* as I am : Besides I have learnt so much good Manners, Doctor, as to let my Betters be serv'd before me,

Muley-Mol. Thou talk'st as if the *Musty* were concern'd.

Must. Your Majesty may lay your Soul on't : But for my part, though I am a plain Fellow, yet I scorn to be trick'd into *Paradise*, I wou'd he shou'd know it. The Truth on't is, an't like you, his Reverence bought of me the Flower of all the Market ; these— these are but Dogs-Meat to 'em ; and a round Price he paid me too, I'll say that for him ; but not enough for me to venture my Neck for : If I get *Paradise* when my Time comes, I can't help my self ; ; but I'll venture nothing before-hand, upon a blind Bargain.

Muley-Mol. Where are those Slaves ? produce 'em.

Must. They are not what he says.

Muley-Mol. No more Excuses. [*One goes out to fetch them.*]
Know thou mayst better dally

With a dead Prophet, than a living King.

Must. I but reserv'd 'em to present thy Greatness, An Offering worthy thee.

Must. By the same Token there was a dainty Virgin,

(Virgin said I! but I wo't not be too positive of that neither) with a roguish leering Eye! he paid me down upon the Nail a thousand golden *Sultanins*; or he had never had her, I can tell him that: Now is it very likely he would pay so dear for such a delicious Morfel, and give it away out of his own Mouth; when it had such a Farewel with it too?

Enter Sebastian conducted in mean Habit, with Alvarez, Antonio, and Almeyda, her Face veil'd with a Barnus.

Muley-Mol. Ay; These look like the Workmanship of This is the Porcelain Clay of human Kind, [Heav'n: And therefore cast into these noble Molds.

Dorax aside, while the Emperor whispers Benducar.
By all my Wrongs

'Tis he; Damnation seize me but 'tis he!
My Heart heaves up and swells; he's Poison to me;
My injur'd Honour, and my ravish'd Love
Bleed at their Murderer's Sight.

Benducar to Dorax aside. The Emperor wou'd learn
You know 'em. [these Pris'ners Names;

Der. Tell him, no;

And trouble me no more — I will not know 'em.
Shall I trust Heav'n, that Heav'n which I renounc'd [Aside.
With my Revenge? Then, where's my Satisfaction?
No, it must be my own; I scorn a Proxy.

Muley-Mol. 'Tis decreed,
These of a better Aspect, with the rest
Shall share one common Doom, and Lots decide it.
For ev'ry number'd Captive put a Ball
Into an Urn, three only black be there,
The rest, all white, are safe.

Muf. Hold Sir, the Woman must not draw.

Muley-Mol. O *Musti*,

We know your Reason, let her share the Danger.

Muf. Our Law says plainly Women have no Souls.

Muley-Mol. 'Tis true; their Souls are mortal, set her
Yet were *Almeyda* here, tho' Fame reports her [by:
The fairest of her Sex, so much unseen
I hate the Sister of our Rival-House,
Ten Thousand such dry Notions of our *Alcoran*
Shou'd not protect her Life; if not immortal:

Die

Die as she cou'd, all of a Piece, the better,
That none of her remain.

Here is an Urn brought in; the Prisoners approach with great Concernment; and amongst the rest Sebastian, Alvarez, and Antonio, who come more chearfully.

Dor. Poor abject Creatures, how they fear to die! [*Aside.*
These never knew one happy Hour in Life,
Yet shake to lay it down: Is Load so pleasant?
Or has Heav'n hid the Happiness of Death,
That Men may dare to live? — Now for our Heroes.
[*The Three approach.*

O, these come up with Spirits more resolv'd!
Old venerable *Alvarez*, well I know him,
The Fav'rite once of this *Sebastian's* Father;
Now Minister, (too honest for his Trade)
Religion bears him out, a thing taught young,
In Age ill practis'd, yet his Prop in Death.
O, he has drawn a Black; and smiles upon't,
As who should say, my Faith and Soul are white,
Tho my Lot swarthy: Now if there be Hereafter,
He's blest; if not, well cheated, and dies pleas'd.

Anton. [*holding his Lot in his clench'd Hand*] Here I have
Be what thou wilt: I will not look too soon. [thee,
Thou hast a Colour; if thou prov'ft not right,
I have a Minute good ere I behold thee.
Now let me rowl and grubble thee.
Blind Men say White feels smooth, and Black feels rough;
Thou hast a rugged Skin; I do not like thee.

Dor. There's the amorous airy Spark, *Antonio*;
The wittiest Woman's Toy in *Portugal*.

Lord, what a loss of Treats and Serenades!
The whole She Nation will be in Mourning for him.

Anton. I've a moist sweaty Palm; the more's my Sin;
If it be black, yet only dy'd, not odious
Damn'd Natural Ebony, there's hopes in rubbing
To wash this *Ethiope* white, — [Looks] Pox of the
As black as Hell: another lucky Saying! [Proverb!
I think the Devil's in me; — good again,
I cannot speak one Syllable, but tends
To Death or to Damination. [*Holds up his Ball.*
Dor.

Dor. He looks uneasy at his future Journey, [*Aside.*
And wishes his Boots off again ; for fear
Of a bad Road, and a worse Inn at Night.
Go to bed, Fool, and take secure Repose,
For thou shalt wake no more. [*Sebastian comes up to draw.*

M. M. to *Ben.* Mark him who now approaches to the
He looks secure of Death, superior Greatness, [*Lott'ry,*
Like *Jove* when he made Fate, and said, Thou art
The Slave of my Creation ; I admire him.

Bend. He looks as Man was made, with Face erect,
That scorns his brittle Corps, and seems ashamed
He's not all Spirit, his Eyes with a dumb Pride.
Accusing Fortune that he fell not warm ;
Yet now disdains to live. [*Sebast. draws a Black.*

M. Mol. He has his Wish ;
And I have fail'd of mine.

Dor. Robb'd of my Vengeance, by a trivial chance. [*Aside.*
Fine work above, that their anointed Care
Shou'd die such little Death ; or did his Genius
Know mine the stronger *Dæmon*, fear'd the grapple,
And looking round him, found this nook of Fate
To skulk behind my Sword ? shall I discover him ?
Still he wou'd not die mine : no thanks to my
Revenge : reserv'd but to more Royal Shambles.
'Twere base too ; and below those vulgar Souls,
That shar'd his Danger, yet not one disclos'd him ;
But struck with Reverence kept an awful Silence.
I'll see no more of this ; Dog of a Prophet ! [*Exit Dorax.*

Mul. Mol. One of these three is a whole Hecatomb ;
And therefore only one of 'em shall die.
The rest are but mute Cattle ; and when Death
Comes like a rushing Lion, couch like Spaniels,
With lolling Tongues, and tremble at the Paw :
Let Lots again decide it.

[*The Three draw again : and the Lot falls on Sebastian.*

Sebast. Then there's no more to manage ! if I fall,
It shall be like my self ; a setting Sun
Should leave a track of Glory in the Skies.
Behold *Sebastian* King of *Portugal*.

M. Mol. *Sebastian* ! ha ! it must be he ; no other

Con'd.

Cou'd represent such suffering Majesty :
 I saw him, as he terms himself, a Sun
 Struggling in dark Eclipse, and shooting Day
 On either side of the black Orb that veil'd him.

Sebast. Not less ev'n in this despicable Now,
 Than when my Name fill'd *Africk* with Affrights,
 And froze your Hearts beneath your torrid Zone.

Bend. to *M. Mol.* Extravagantly brave! even to am
 Of Greatness. [Impudence]

Sebast. Here satiate all your Fury ;
 Let Fortune empty her whole Quiver on me,
 I have a Soul, that like an ample Shield
 Can take in all ; and Verge enough for more.
 I would have conquer'd you ; and ventur'd only
 A narrow neck of Land for a third World ;
 To give my loosen'd Subjects room to play.
 Fate was not mine,
 Nor am I Fate's : Now I have pleas'd my Longings,
 And trod the Ground which I beheld from far,
 I beg no pity for this mouldring Clay !
 For if you give it Burial, there it takes
 Possession of your Earth :
 If burnt and scatter'd in the Air, the Winds
 That strow my Dust, diffuse my Royalty,
 And spread me o'er your Clime : for where one Atom
 Of mine shall light, know there *Sebastian* reigns.

M. Mol. What shall I do to conquer thee ?

Seb. Impossible !

Souls know no Conquerors.

M. Mol. I'll shew thee for a Monster thro' my *Africk*.

Seb. No, thou canst only shew me for a Man :
Africk is stor'd with Monsters ; Man's a Prodigy
 Thy Subjects have not seen.

M. Mol. Thou talk'st as if
 Still at the head of Battel.

Seb. Thou mistak'st,
 For then I wou'd not talk.

Bend. Sure he wou'd sleep.

Seb. Till Dooms-day ; when the Trumpet sounds to
 For that's a Soldier's Call.

[Rise ;

M. Mol.

M. Mol. Thou'rt brave too late ;
Thou shouldst have dy'd in Battel like a Soldier.

Seb. I fought and fell like one, but Death deceiv'd me ;
I wanted weight of feeble *Moors* upon me,
To crush my Soul out.

M. Mol. Still untameable !
In what a Ruin has thy head-strong Pride,
And boundless thirst of Empire, plung'd thy People !

Seb. What say'st thou ? ha ! No more of that.

M. Mol. Behold,
What Carcases of thine thy Crimes have strew'd,
And left our *Africk* Vultures to devour.

Bend. Those Souls were those thy God intrusted with
To cherish, not destroy. (thee,

Seb. Witness, O Heaven, how much
This Sight concerns me ! Wou'd I had a Soul
For each of these ; how gladly wou'd I pay
The Ransom down : But since I have but one,
'Tis a King's Life, and freely 'tis bestow'd.
Not your false Prophet, but eternal Justice
Has destin'd me the Lot, to die for these :
'Tis fit a Sovereign so should pay such Subjects ;
For Subjects such as they, are seldom seen,
Who not forsook me at my greatest need ;
Nor for base Lucre sold their Loyalty,
But shar'd my Dangers to the last Event,
And fenc'd 'em with their own : These Thanks I pay
you : [Wipes his Eyes.

And know, that when *Sebastian* weeps, his Tears
Come harder than his Blood.

M. Mol. They plead too strongly
To be withstood : My Clouds are gathering too,
In kindly mixture with his Royal Show'r :
Be safe and owe thy Life, not to my Gift,
But to the Greatness of thy Mind, *Sebastian* :
Thy Subjects too shall live ; a due Reward
For their untainted Faith, in thy Concealment.

Muf. Remember, Sir, your Vow. [A general Shout.

M. Mol. Do thou remember
Thy Function, Mercy, and provoke not Blood.

Muf.

King of PORTUGAL

39

Mul. Zeyd. One of his generous Fits, too strong to last. [*Aside to Benducar.*]

Bend. The *Musti* reddens, mark that holy Cheek.

[*To him.*]

He frets within, froths Treason at his Mouth,
And churns it thro' his Teerh ; leave me to work him.

Seb. A Mercy unexpected, undesir'd,
Surprizes more : You've learnt the Art to vanquish :
You cou'd not (give me leave to tell you, Sir)
Have giv'n me Life but in my Subjects Safety :
Kings, who are Fathers, live but in their People.

M. Mol. Still great, and grateful, that's thy Character.
Unveil the Woman ; I would view the Face
That warm'd our *Musti*'s Zeal :
These pious Parrots peck the fairest Fruit :
Such Tasters are for Kings.

[*Officers go to Almeyda to unveil her.*]

Alm. Stand off, ye Slaves, I will not be unveil'd.

M. Mol. Slave is thy Title : Force her.

Seb. On your Lives approach her not.

M. Mol. How's this !

Seb. Sir, pardon me,
And hear me speak. —

Alm. Hear me ; I will be heard :
I am no Slave ; the noblest Blood of *Africk*
Runs in my Veins ; a purer Stream than thine ;
For, tho' deriv'd from the same Source, thy Current
Is puddl'd and defil'd with Tyranny.

M. Mol. What Female Fury have we here !

Alm. I shou'd be one,
Because of kin to thee : Wou'dst thou be touch'd
By the presuming Hands of saucy Grooms ?
The same Respect, nay more, is due to me :
More for my Sex ; the same for my Descent.
These Hands are only fit to draw the Curtain.
Now, if thou dar'st, behold *Almeyda*'s Face.

[*Unveils her self.*]

Bend. Wou'd I had never seen it !

[*Aside.*]

Alm. She whom thy *Musti* tax'd to have no Soul ;
Let *Africk* now be Judge ;
Perhaps thou think'st I meanly hope to 'scape,

As

As did *Sebastian* when he own'd his Greatness.
But to remove that Scruple, know, base Man,
My murder'd Father, and my Brother's Ghost
Still haunt this Breast, and prompt it to Revenge.
Think not I cou'd forgive, nor dare thou pardon.

M. Mol. Wou'dst thou revenge thee, Trait' res, hadst
thou Power?

Alm. Traitor, I wou'd; the Name's more justly thine:
Thy Father was not more than mine the Heir
Of this large Empire; but with Arms united
They fought their Way, and seiz'd the Crown by Force:
And equal as their Danger was their Share:
For where was Eldership, where none had Right
But that which Conquest gave? 'Twas thy Ambition
Pull'd from my peaceful Father what his Sword
Help'd thine to gain: Surpriz'd him and his Kingdom,
No Provocation given, no War declar'd.

M. Mol. I'll hear no more.

Alm. This is the living Coal, that burning in me
Wou'd flame to Vengeance, cou'd it find a Vent:
My Brother too, that lies yet scarcely cold
In his deep watry Bed: My wandering Mother,
Who in Exile died:

O that I had the fruitful Heads of *Hydra*,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still wou'd I give thee Work; still, still, thou Tyrant,
And his thee with the last. (me:)

M. Mol. Something, I know not what, comes over:
Whether the Toils of Battel, unrepair'd
With due Repose, or other sudden Qualm.

Benducar do the Rest. [*Goes off, the Court follows him.*]

Bend. Strange! in full Health! This Pang is of the Soul;
The Body's unconcern'd: I'll think hereafter.
Conduct these Royal Captives to the Castle;
Bid *Dorax* use 'em well, till further order. [*Going off, stops.*]
The inferior Captives their first Owners take,
To sell, or to dispose — You *Mustapha*,
Set ope the Market for the Sale of Slaves. [*Exit Bend.*]

*The Masters and Slaves come forward, and Buyers of
several Qualities come in and chaffer about the several
Owners, who make their Slaves do Tricks.*

Mustapha

Must. My Chattels are come into my Hands again, and my Conscience will serve me to sell 'em twice over; any Price now, before the *Musti* comes to claim 'em.

1st Mer. [to *Must.*] What dost hold that old Fellow at?

[*Pointing to Alvarez.*

He's tough, and has no Service in his Limbs.

Must. I confess he's somewhat tough; but I suppose you wou'd not boyl him. I ask for him a thousand Crowns.

1st Mer. Thou mean'st a thousand Marvedi's.

Must. Pr'ythee, Friend, give me leave to know my own Meaning.

1st Mer. What Virtues has he to deserve that Price?

Must. Marry come 'up, Sir! Virtues quoth a! I took him in the King's Company; he's of a great Family, and rich; what other Virtues wou'dst thou have in a Nobleman?

1st Mer. I buy him with another Man's Purse, that's my Comfort.

[rate: —

My Lord *Dorax* the Governor will have him at any There's Hansel.

Come, old Fellow, to the Castle.

Alvar. To what is miserable Age reserv'd! [*Aside.*

But oh the King! and oh the fatal Secret!

Which I have kept thus long to time it better,

And now I wou'd disclose, 'tis past my Power.

[*Exit with his Master.*

Must. Something of a Secret, and of the King I heard him mutter: A Pimp I'll warrant him, for I am sure he is an old Courtier.

Now to put off t'other Remnant of my Merchandize,—

Stir up Sirrah.

[*To Antonio.*

Ant. Dog, what wou'dst thou have?

Must. Learn better Manners, or I shall serve you a Dog-trick; come down upon all four immediately; I'll make you know your Rider.

Ant. Thou wilt not make a Horse of me?

Must. Horse or Ass, that's as thy Mother made thee:— But take earnest in the first place for thy Sauciness.

[*Lashes him with his Whip.*

Be

Be advis'd, Friend, and buckle to thy Geers : Behold my Ensign of Royalty display'd over thee.

Ant. I hope one day to use thee worse in *Portugal*.

Must. Ay, and good reason, Friend : if thou catchest me a conquering on thy side of the Water, lay me on lustily, I'll take it as kindly as thou dost this. —

[*Holds up his Whip.*]

Ant. [*lying down.*] Hold my dear Thrum-cap : I obey thee cheerfully.

I see the Doctrine of Non-Resistance is never practis'd thoroughly, but when a Man can't help himself.

Enter a second Merchant.

2d Mer. You, Friend, I wou'd see that Fellow do his Postures.

Must. [*bridling Ant.*] Now, Sirrah, follow, for you have Rope enough :

To your Paces, Villain, amble, trot, and gallop : — Quick about there. — Yeap, the more Money's bidden for you, the more your Credit.

[*Antonio follows at the end of the Bridle on his Hands and Feet, and does all his Postures.*]

2d Mer. He's well chin'd, and has a tolerable good Back ; that's half in half. [*To Mustapha.*] I wou'd see him strip, has he no Diseases about him ?

Must. He's the best Piece of Man's Flesh in the Market, not an Eye-sore in his whole Body. Feel his Legs, Master, neither Splint, Spavin, nor Wind-gall.

[*Claps him on the Shoulder.*]

Merchant, feeling about him, and then putting his Hand on his Side.

Out upon him, how his Flank heaves ! The Whorson's broken-winded.

Must. Thick-breath'd a little ; nothing but a sorry Cold with lying out a Nights in Trenches ; but sound Wind and Limb, I warrant him.

Try him at a loose Trot a little.

[*Puts the Bridle into his Hand, he strokes him.*]

Ant. For Heaven's sake Owner spare me : you know I am but new broken.

2d Mer. 'Tis but a washy Jade, I see : What do you ask for this Bauble ?

Must.

Must. Bauble do you call him? he's a substantial true-bred Beast; bravely forehanded: mark but the Cleanness of his Shapes too: his Dam may be a *Spanish* Gennet, but a true Barb by the Sire, or I have no Skill in Horseflesh: —
Marry I ask six hundred Xeriffs for him.

Enter Musti.

Musti. What's that you are asking, Sirrah?

Must. Marry I ask your Reverence six hundred Pardons; I was doing you a small piece of Service here, putting off your Cattel for you.

Musti. And putting the Money into your own Pocket.

Must. Upon vulgar Reputation, no my Lord, it was for your Profit and Emolument. What, wrong the Head of my Religion? I was sensible you would have damn'd me, or any Man that should have injur'd you in a single Farthing; for I knew that was Sacrifice.

Musti. Sacrilege you mean, Sirrah, — and Damning shall be the least Part of your Punishment: I have taken you in the Manner, and will have the Law upon you.

Must. Good my Lord, take pity upon a poor Man in this World, and damn me in the next.

Musti. No, Sirrah, so you may repent, and scape Punishment: Did not you sell this very Slave amongst the rest to me, and take Money for him?

Must. Right, my Lord.

Musti. And selling him again, take Money twice for the same Commodity? Oh, Villain!

But did you not know him to be my Slave, Sirrah?

Must. Why should I lye to your Honour? I did know him; and thereupon seeing him wander about, took him up for a Stray, and impounded him, with intention to restore him to the right Owner.

Musti. And yet at the same time was selling him to another: How rarely the Story hangs together!

Must. Patience, my Lord.

I took him up, as your Herriot, with Intention to have made the best of him, and then have brought the whole Product of him in a Purse to you; for I know you wou'd have spent half of it upon your pious Pleasures,
have

have hoarded up the other half, and given the remainder in Charities to the Poor.

Musti. And what's become of my other Slave? Thou hast sold him too, I have a villainous Suspicion.

Must. I know you have, my Lord; but while I was managing this young robustious Fellow, that old Spark, who was nothing but Skin and Bone, and by consequence very nimble, slipped thro' my Fingers like an Eel, for there was no hold-fast of him, and ran away to buy himself a new Master.

Must. [*to Ant.*] Follow me home, Sirrah: [*to Must.*] I shall remember you some other time. [*Ex. Must. with Ant.*]

Must. I never doubted your Lordship's Memory, for an ill turn: And I shall remember him too in the next rising of the Mobile, for this act of Resumption; and more especially for the ghostly Counsel he gave me before the Emperor, to have hang'd my self in silence, to have sav'd his Reverence. The best on't is, I am beforehand with him, for selling one of his Slaves twice over.

And if he had not come just in the nick, I might have pocketted up t'other: For what should a poor Man do that gets his Living by hard Labour, but pray for bad Times when he may get it easily? O! for some incomparable Tumult! Then should I naturally wish that the beaten Party might prevail; because we have plunder'd t'other side already, and there's nothing more to get of 'em.

Both Rich and Poor for their own Interest pray,

'Tis ours to make our Fortune while we may;

For Kingdoms are not conquer'd every day. *Ex.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

Suppos'd to be a Terrace Walk, on the side of the Castle of Alcazar.

Enter Emperor and Benducar.

Emp. **A**ND think'st thou not it was discover'd?

Bend. No:

The

The Thoughts of Kings are like religious Groves,
The Walks of muffled Gods : Sacred Retreat,
Where none but whom they please t'admit, approach.

Emp. Did not my conscious Eyes flash out a Flame
To lighten those brown Horrors, and disclose
The secret Path I trod ?

Bend. I could not find it, 'till you lent a Clue
To that close Labyrinth ; how then should they ?

Emp. I wou'd be loth they shou'd : it breeds Contempt
For Herds to listen, or presume to pry,
When the hurt Lion groans within his Den :
But is't not strange ?

Bend. To love ? not more than 'tis to live ; a Tax
Impos'd on all by Nature, paid in Kind,
Familiar as our Being.

Emp. Still 'tis strange
To me : I know my Soul as wild as Wind,
That sweeps the Desarts of our moving Plains ;
Love might as well be sow'd upon our Sands,
As in a Breast so barren.
To love an Enemy, the only one
Remaining too, whom yester Sun beheld,
Must'ring her Charms, and rolling as she past
By every Squadron her alluring Eyes ;
To edge her Champions Swords, and urge my Ruin.
The shouts of Soldiers, and the burst of Cannon,
Maintain even still a deaf and murm'ring Noise ;
Nor is Heaven yet recover'd of the Sound
Her Battle rous'd : Yet spite of me, I love.

Bend. What then controuls you ?
Her Person is as prostrate as her Party.

Emp. A thousand things controul this Conqueror :
My native Pride to own th'unworthy Passion,
Hazard of Interest, and my People's Love,
To what a Storm of Fate am I expos'd !
What if I had her murder'd ? 'tis but what
My Subjects all expect, and she deserves.
Wou'd not the Impossibility

Of ever, ever seeing, or possessing,
Calm all this Rage, this Hurricane of Soul ?

Bend. That ever, ever,

I mark'd the double, shows extream Reluctance
To part with her for ever.

Emp. Right, thou hast me.

I wou'd, but cannot kill: I must enjoy her:

I must, and what I must, be sure I will.

What's Royalty, but Power to please my self?

And if I dare not, then am I the Slave,

And my own Slaves the Sovereigns, — 'tis resolv'd.

Weak Princes flatter when they want the Power

To curb their People: tender Plants must bend:

But when a Government is grown to strength,

Like some old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,

It yields not to the Tug, but only nods,

And turns to fullen State.

Bend. Then you resolve

T'implore her Pity, and to beg Relief?

Emp. Death, must I beg the Pity of my Slave?

Must a King beg? Yes, Love's a greater King;

A Tyrant, nay a Devil that possesses me:

He tunes the Organs of my Voice, and speaks

Unknown to me within me; pulhes me,

And drives me on by force,——

Say I shou'd wed her, wou'd not my wise Subjects

Take check, and think it strange? perhaps revolt?

Bend. I hope they wou'd not.

Emp. Then thou doubt'st they wou'd?

Bend. To whom?

Emp. To her

Perhaps, or to my Brother, or to thee. [I tremble!

Bend. [*in disorder.*] To me! me did you mention? how

The Name of Treason shakes my honest Soul.

If I am doubted, Sir,

Secure your self this Moment, take my Life.

Emp. No more: If I suspected thee——I wou'd.

Bend. I thank your Kindness: Guilt had almost lost me. [*Aside.*

Emp. But clear my Doubts: Think'st thou they may rebel?

Bend. This goes as I wou'd wish.——

[*Aside.*

'Tis possible:

A secret Party still remains, that lurks

Like

Like Embers rak'd in Ashes——wanting but
A Breath to blow aside th'involving Dust,
And then they blaze abroad.

Emp. They must be trampled out.

Bend. But first be known.

Emp. Torture shall force it from 'em.

Bend. You wou'd not put a Nation to the Rack?

Emp. Yes, the whole World; so I be safe, I care not.

Bend. Our Limbs and Lives

Are yours, but mixing Friends with Foes is hard.

Emp. All may be Foes; or how to be distinguish'd,
If some be Friends?

Bend. They may with ease be winnow'd;
Suppose some one who has deserv'd your Trust,
Some one who knows Mankind, should be employ'd
To mix among 'em, seem a Malecontent,
And dive into their Breasts, to try how far
They dare oppose your Love?

Emp. I like this well; 'tis wholesom Wickedness.

Bend. Whomever he suspects, he fastens there,
And leaves no Cranny of his Soul unsearch'd:
Then like a Bee bag'd with his honey'd Venom,
He brings it to your Hive: if such a Man
So able and so honest may be found;
If not, my Project dies.——

Emp. By all my Hopes thou hast describ'd thy self:—
Thou, thou alone art fit to play that Engine
Thou only cou'dst contrive.

Bend. Sure I cou'd serve you:
I think I could:——but here's the Difficulty,
I'm so entirely yours,
That I should scurvily dissemble Hate;
The Cheat would be too gross.

Emp. Art thou a Statesman,
And canst not be a Hypocrite? Impossible:
Do not distrust thy Virtues.

Bend. If I must personate this seeming Villain,
Remember 'tis to serve you.

Emp. No more Words:
Love goads me to *Almeyda*, all Affairs
Are troublesom but that; and yet that most.

[Going.
Bid

Bid *Dorax* treat *Sebastian* like a King ;
 I had forgot him ; — but this Love mars all,
 And takes up my whole Breast. [Exit Emperor.]

Bend. [to the Emp.] Be sure I'll tell him —
 With all the aggravating Circumstances [Alone.]
 I can, to make him swell at that Command.

The Tyrant first suspected me :
 Then with a sudden Gust he whirl'd about,
 And trusted me too far : Madness of Pow'r !
 Now, by his own Consent I ruin him.
 For, should some feeble Soul, for fear or gain,
 Bolt out t' accuse me, ev'n the King is cozen'd,
 And thinks he's in the Secret.

How sweet is Treason when the Traitor's safe !

Sees the Musti and Dorax entering, and seeming to confer,
 The *Musti*, and with him my sullen *Dorax* :
 That first is mine already.

'Twas easy Work to gain a covetous Mind,
 Whom Rage to lose his Pris'ners had prepar'd :
 Now, caught himself.

He wou'd seduce another ; I must help him :
 For Church-men, tho' they itch to govern all,
 Are silly, woeful, awkward Politicians :
 They make lame Mischief, though they mean it well :
 Their Int'rest is not finely drawn, and hid,
 But Seams are coarsly bungled up, and seen.

Muf. He'll tell you more.

Dor. I've heard enough already
 To make me loath thy Morals.

Bend. to *Dor.* You seem warm ;
 The good Man's Zeal perhaps has gone too far.

Dor. Not very far ; not farther than Zeal goes
 Of course ; a small Day's Journey short of Treason.

Muf. By all that's holy, Treason was not nam'd :
 I spar'd the Emperor's broken Vows, to save
 The Slaves from Death ; tho' it was cheating Heav'n,
 But I forgave him that.

Dor. And slighted o'er [Scornfully.]
 The Wrongs himself sustain'd in Property :
 When his bought Slaves were seiz'd by Force, no Loss
 Of

Of his consider'd, and no Cost repaid.

Muf. Not wholly slighted o'er, not absolutely:
Some modest Hints of private Wrongs I urg'd.

Dor. Two Thirds of all he said: There he began
To shew the Fulness of his Heart; there ended:
Some short Excursions of a broken Vow
He made indeed, but flat insipid Stuff:
But when he made his Loss the Theme, he flourish'd,
Reliev'd his fainting Rhetorick with new Figures,
And thunder'd at oppressing Tyranny.

Muf. Why not, when Sacrilegious Pow'r wou'd seize
My Property? 'tis an Affront to Heav'n,
Whose Person, tho' unworthy, I sustain.

Dor. You've made such strong Alliances above,
That 'twere Profaneness in us Laiety
To offer earthly Aid.

I tell thee, *Mufti*, if the World were wise,
They wou'd not wag one Finger in your Quarrels.
Your Heav'n you promise, but our Earth you covet:
The *Phaetons* of Mankind, who fire that World,
Which you were sent by Preaching but to warm.

Bend. This goes beyond the Mark.

Muf. No, let him rail;

His Prophet works within him;
He's a rare Convert.

Dor. Now his Zeal yearns

To see me barnt; he damns me from his Church,
Because I wou'd restrain him to his Duty:

Is not the Care of Souls a Load sufficient?

Are not your holy Stipends paid for this?

Were you not bred apart from worldly Noise,

To study Souls, their Cures and their Diseases?

If this be so, we ask you but our own:

Give us your whole Employment, all your Care:

The Province of the Soul is large enough

To fill up every Cranny of your Time,

And leave you much to answer, if one Wretch

Be damn'd by your Neglect.

Bend. [to the *Mufti*.] He speaks but Reason.

Dor. Why then these foreign Thoughts of State-Employ.
 Abhorrent to your Function and your Breeding? [ments,
 Poor droaning Truants of unpractis'd Cells,
 Bred in the Fellowship of bearded Boys,
 What wonder is it if you know not Men?
 Yet there you live demure, with down-cast Eyes,
 And humble as your Discipline requires:
 But, when let loose from thence to live at large,
 Your little Tincture of Devotion dies:
 Then Luxury succeeds, and sets agog
 With a new Scene of yet untasted Joys,
 You fall with greedy Hunger to the Feast.
 Of all your College Virtues, nothing now
 But your original Ignorance remains;
 Bloated with Pride, Ambition, Avarice,
 You swell, to counsel Kings, and govern Kingdoms.

Musf. He prates as if Kings had not Consciences,
 And none requir'd Directors but the Crowd.

Dor. As private Men they want you, not as Kings;
 Nor wou'd you care t'inspect their publick Conscience,
 But that it draws Dependencies of Pow'r,
 And earthly Interest which you long to sway:
 Content you with monopolizing Heav'n,
 And let this little hanging Ball alone;
 For give you but a Foot of Conscience there,
 And you, like *Archimedes*, toss the Globe.
 We know your Thoughts of us that Laymen are,
 Lag Souls, and Rubbish of remaining Clay,
 Which Heav'n, grown weary of more perfect Work,
 Set upright with a little Puff of Breath,
 And bid us pass for Men.

Musf. I will not answer,
 Base foul-mouth'd Renegade; but I'll pray for thee,
 To shew my Charity. [Exit Musf.]

Dor. Do; but forget not him who needs it most:
 Allow thy self some Share: He's gone too soon;
 I had to tell him of his holy Jugglings;
 Things that wou'd startle Faith, and make us deem
 Not this, or that, but all Religions false.

Bend. Our holy Orator has lost the Cause: [Aside.
 But

But I shall yet redeem it. —[*To Dorax.*] Let him go ;
For I have secret Orders from the Emperor,
Which none but you must hear : I must confess,
I cou'd have wish'd some other Hand had brought 'em.
When did you see your Pris'ner, great *Sebastian*?

Dor. You might as well have ask'd me, when I saw
A crested Dragon, or a Basilisk ;
Both are less Poison to my Eyes and Nature.
He knows not I am I ; nor shall he see me,
'Till Time has perfected a lab'ring Thought,
That rowls within my Breast.

Bend. 'Twas my Mistake :
I guess'd indeed that Time, and his Misfortunes,
And your returning Duty had effac'd
The Mem'ry of past Wrongs ; they wou'd in me,
And I judg'd you as tame, and as forgiving.

Dor. Forgive him ! no : I left my foolish Faith,
Because it wou'd oblige me to Forgiveness.

Bend. I can't but grieve to find you obstinate :
For you must see him ; 'tis our Emp'ror's Will,
And strict Command.

Dor. I laugh at that Command. [him.]

Bend. You must do more than see ; serve, and respect

Dor. See, serve him, and respect, and after all
My yet uncancell'd Wrongs, I must do this !
But I forget my self.

Bend. Indeed you do.

Dor. The Emp'ror is a Stranger to my Wrongs ;
I need but tell my Story, to revoke
This hard Commission.

Bend. Can you call me Friend,
And think I cou'd neglect to speak, at full,
Th' Affronts you had from your ungrateful Master ?

Dor. And yet enjoin'd my Service and Attendance ?

Bend. And yet enjoin'd 'em both : Wou'd that were
He skrew'd his Face into a harden'd Smile, [all ;
And said *Sebastian* knew to govern Slaves.

Dor. Slaves are the Growth of *Africk*, not of *Europe* ;
By Heav'n, I will not lay down my Commission ;
Not at his Foot, I will not stoop so low ;

But if there be a Part in all his Face
More sacred than the rest, I'll throw it there.

Bend. You may ; but then you lose all future Means
Of Vengeance on *Sebastian*, when no more
Alcade of this Fort.

Dor. That Thought escap'd me.

Bend. Keep your Command, and be reveng'd on both :
Nor sooth your self ; you have no Pow'r t'affront him ;
The Emp'ror's Love protects him from Insults.
And he who spoke that proud, ill-natur'd Word,
Following the Bent of his impetuous Temper,
May force your Reconcilement to *Sebastian* :
Nay bid you kneel, and kiss th' offending Foot,
That kick'd you from his Presence.
But think not to divide their Punishment ;
You cannot touch a Hair of loath'd *Sebastian*,
While *Muley-Moluch* lives.

Dor. What means this Riddle ?

Bend. 'Tis out : There needs no *OEdipus* to solve it.
Our Emp'ror is a Tyrant, fear'd and hated ;
I scarce remember in his Reign, one Day
Pass guiltless o'er his execrable Head.
He thinks the Sun is lost that sees not Blood :
When none is shed we count it Holiday.
We, who are most in Favour, cannot call
This Hour our own : — you know the younger Brother,
Mild *Muley-Zeydan* ? —

Dor. Hold, and let me think.

Bend. The Soldiers idolize you,
He trusts you with the Castle,
The Key of all his Kingdom.

Dor. Well ; and he trusts you too.

Bend. Else I were mad,
To hazard such a daring Enterprize.

Dor. He trusts us both ; mark that, shall we betray
A Master, who reposes Life and Empire [him ;
On our Fidelity ? I grant he is a Tyrant,
That hated Name my Nature most abhors ;
More, as you say, has loaded me with Scorn,
Ev'n with the last Contempt, to serve *Sebastian*.

Yet

Yet more he know he vacates my revenge ;
Which but by this Revolt I cannot compass :
But, while he trusts me, 'twere so base a Part
To fawn, and yet betray ; I shou'd be hiss'd
And whoop'd in Hell for that Ingratitude.

Bend. Consider well what I have done for you.

Dor. Consider thou what thou wou'dst have me do.

Bend. You've too much Honour for a Renegade.

Dor. And thou too little Faith to be a Fav'rite.

Is not the Bread thou eat'st, the Robe thou wear'st,
Thy Wealth and Honours, all the pure Indulgence
Of him thou wou'dst destroy ?

And wou'd his Creature, nay, his Friend betray him ?
Why then no Bond is left on human Kind :
Distrusts, Debates, immortal Strifes ensue ;
Children may murder Parents, Wives their Husbands ;
All must be Rapine, Wars and Desolation,
When Trust and Gratitude no longer bind.

Bend. Well have you argued in your own Defence ;
You, who have burst asunder all those Bonds,
And turn'd a Rebel to your native Prince.

Dor. True, I rebell'd : But when did I betray ?
Indignities, which Man cou'd not support,
Provok'd my Vengeance to this noble Crime :
But he had stripp'd me first of my Command,
Dismiss'd my Service, and absolv'd my Faith ;
And, with disdainful Language, dar'd my Worst.
I but accepted War, which he denounc'd.

Else had you seen, not *Dorax*, but *Alonzo*,
With his couch'd Lance against your foremost *Moors*,
Perhaps too turn'd the Fortune of the Day ;
Made *Africk* mourn, and *Portugal* triumph.

Bend. Let me embrace thee.

Dor. Stand off Sycophant,
And keep Infection distant.

Bend. Brave and honest.

Dor. In spite of thy Temptations.

Bend. Call 'em Tryals :

They were no more : Thy Faith was held in Balance,
And nicely weigh'd by Jealousy of Pow'r,

Vast was the Trust of such a Royal Charge;
And our wise Emperor might justly fear
Sebastian might be freed and reconcil'd,
By new Obligements, to thy former Love.

Dor. I doubt thee still; thy Reasons were too strong,
And driven too near the Head, to be but Artifice:
And after all, I know thou art a Statesman,
Where Truth is rarely found.

Bend. Behold the Emperor;

Enter Emperor, Sebastian, and Almeyda.

Ask him, I beg thee, to be justify'd,
If he employ'd me not to foord thy Soul,
And try the Footing whether false or firm.

Dor. Death to my Eyes, I see *Sebastian* with him!
Must he be serv'd! avoid him; if we meet,
It must be like the Crush of Heav'n and Earth,
T'involve us both in Ruin. [Exit.

Bend. 'Twas a bare saving Game I made with *Dorax*,
But better so than lost: he cannot hurt me,
That I precaution'd; I must ruin him.
But now this Love; ay, there's the gath'ring Storm!
The Tyrant must not wed *Almeyda*; no,
That ruins all the Fabrick I am raising.
Yet seeming to approve it gave me Time,
And gaining Time gains all.

[Benducar goes and waits behind the Emperor.

*The Emperor, Sebastian, and Almeyda advance to the
Front of the Stage: Guards and Attendants.*

Emp. to Seb. I bade 'em serve you, and if they obey not,
I keep my Lions keen within their Dens,
To stop their Maws with disobedient Slaves.

Seb. If I had conquer'd,
They cou'd not have with more Observance waited:
Their Eyes, Hands, Feet,
Are all so quick, they seem t'have but one Motion,
To catch my flying Words. Only the *Alcade*
Shuns me, and with a grim Civility
Bows, and declines my Walks.

Emp. A Renegade!

I know no more of him: But that he's brave,

And

And hates your Christian Sect. If you can frame
A farther Wish, give wing to your Desires,
And name the thing you want.

Seb. My Liberty ;

For were ev'n Paradise it self my Prison,
Still I shou'd long to leap the Crystal Walls.

Emp. Sure our two Souls have somewhere been ac-
In former Beings : Or struck out together, [quainted
One Spark to *Africk* flew, and one to *Portugal*.
Expect a quick Deliverance : [turning to *Almeida*] Here's
Of Kindred Soul to both : Pity our Stars [a Third,
Have made us Foes ! I shou'd not wish her Death.

Alm. I ask no Pity ; if I thought my Soul
Of Kin to thine, soon wou'd I rend my Heart-strings,
And tear out that Alliance : But thou Viper
Hast cancell'd Kindred, made a Rent in Nature,
And thro' her holy Bowels gnaw'd thy Way,
Thro' thy own Blood to Empire.

Emp. This again :

And yet she lives, and only lives t'upbraid me.

Seb. What Honour is there in a Woman's Death !
Wrong'd as she says, but helpless to Revenge ;
Strong in her Passion, impotent of Reason,
Too weak to hurt, too fair to be destroy'd.
Mark her Majestick Fabrick ; she's a Temple
Sacred by Birth, and built by Hands divine ;
Her Soul's the Deity that lodges there :
Nor is the Pile unworthy of the God.

Emp. She's all that thou canst say, or I can think,
But the Perverseness of her clam'rous Tongue
Strikes Pity deaf.

Seb. Then only hear her Eyes ;
Tho' they are mute, they plead ; nay more command ;
For beauteous Eyes have arbitrary Power.
All Females have Prerogative of Sex,
The Shees even of the salvage Herd are safe :
All when they snarl or bite, have no Return
But Courtship from the Male.

Emp. Were She not She, and I not *Muley-Moluch*,
She's Mistress of inevitable Charms,

For all but me; nor am I so exempt,
But that—I know not what I was to say—
But I am too obnoxious to my Friends,
And sway'd by your Advice.

Seb. Sir, I advis'd not;
By Heav'n, I never counsel'd Love but Pity.

Emp. By Heav'n thou didst: Deny it not, thou didst:
For what was all that Prodigality
Of Praise, but to enslave me!—

Seb. Sir ———

Emp. No more:
Thou hast convinc'd me, that she's worth my Love.

Seb. Was ever Man so ruin'd by himself? [*Afide.*

Alm. Thy Love; that odious Mouth was never fram'd
To speak a Word so soft:

Name Death again, for that thou canst pronounce
With horrid Grace, becoming of a Tyrant.
Love is for human Hearts, and not for thine,
Where the brute Beast extinguishes the Man.

Emp. Such if I were, yet rugged Lions love,
And grapple, and compel their salvage Dames.—
Mark, my *Sebastian*, how that sullen frown, [*She frowns.*
Like flashing Lightning, opens angry Heaven;
And while it kills, delights. But yet, insult not
Too soon, proud Beauty, I confess no Love.

Seb. No Sir, I said so, and I witness for you:
Not Love, but noble Pity mov'd your Mind:
Int'rest might urge you too to save her Life;
For those who wish her Party lost, might murmur
At shedding Royal Blood.

Emp. Right, thou instruct'st me:
Int'rest of State requires not Death, but Marriage,
T' unite the jarring Titles of our Line.

Seb. Let me be dumb for ever, all I plead, [*Afide.*
Like Wildfire thrown against the Winds, returns
With double Force to burn me.

Emp. Cou'd I but bend, to make my beauteous Foe
The Partner of my Throne, and of my Bed——

Alm. Still thou dissemblest; but I read thy Heart,
And know the Power of my own Charms; thou lov'st,
And

And I am pleas'd for my Revenge thou dost.

Emp. And thou hast Cause.

Alm. I have, for I have Power to make thee wretched.
Be sure I will, and yet despair of Freedom.

Emp. Well then, I love,——

And 'tis below my Greatness to disown it :

Love thee implacably, yet hate thee too ;

Wou'd hunt thee bare-foot, in the mid-day Sun,
Thro' the parch'd Defarts, and the scorching Sands,
T' enjoy thy Love, and once enjoy'd, to kill thee.

Alm. 'Tis a false Courage, when thou threatnest me ;
Thou canst not stir a Hand to touch my Life :
Do not I see thee tremble while thou speak'st ?
Lay by thy Lion's Hide, vain Conqueror,
And take the Distaff ; for thy Soul's my Slave.

Emp. Confusion ! How thou view'st my very Heart !
I cou'd as soon

Stop a Spring Tide, blown in, with my bare Hand,
As this impetuous Love : —— Yes, I will wed thee :
In spite of thee, and of my self, I will.

Alm. For what ? to People *Africa* with Monsters,
Which that unnatural Mixture must produce ?
No, were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Funeral Pile,
The Prodigy of *Thebes* wou'd be renew'd,
And my divided Flame shou'd break from thine.

Emp. Serpent, I will engender Poison with thee ;
Join Hate with Hate, add Venom to the Birth ;
Our Off-spring, like the Seed of Dragons Teeth,
Shall issue arm'd, and fight themselves to Death.

Alm. I'm calm again, thou canst not marry me:

Emp. As Gléams of Sunshine soften Storms to Showers,
So if you smile, the Loudness of my Rage
In gentle Whispers shall return, but this ——
That nothing can divert my Love but Death.

Alm. See how thou art deceiv'd, I am a Christian ;
'Tis true, unpractis'd in my new Belief,
Wrongs I relent, nor pardon yet with Ease :
Those Fruits come late, and are of slow Increase:
In haughty Hearts, like mine : Now, tell thy self

If this one Word destroy not thy Design:
Thy Law permits thee not to marry me.

Emp. 'Tis but a specious Tale, to blast my Hopes,
And baffle my Pretensions. Speak *Sebastian*,
And as a King, speak true.

Seb. Then, thus adjur'd,
On a King's Word 'tis Truth, but Truth ill tim'd;
For her dear Life is now expos'd anew;
Unless you wholly can put on Divinity,
And graciously forgive.

Alm. Now learn by this,
The little Value I have left for Life,
And trouble me no more.

Emp. I thank thee, Woman;
Thou hast restor'd me to my native Rage;
And I will seize my Happiness by force.

Seb. Know *Muley-Moluch*, when thou dar'st attempt —

Emp. Beware, I wou'd not be provok'd to use
A Conqueror's Right, and therefore charge thy Silence.
If thou wou'd'st merit to be thought my Friend,
I leave thee to persuade her to Compliance:
If not, there's a new Gust in Ravishment,
Which I have never try'd.

Bend. They must be watch'd; [Aside.
For something I observ'd creates a Doubt.

[Exit *Emp.* and *Bend.*

Seb. I've been too tame, have basely born my Wrongs,
And not exerted all the King within me:
I heard him, O sweet Heav'ns, he threat'ned Rape;
Nay, insolently urg'd me to persuade thee,
Ev'n thee, thou Idol of my Soul and Eyes;
For whom I suffer Life, and drag this Being.

Alm. You turn my Prison to a Paradise;
But I have turn'd your Empire to a Prison:
In all your Wars good Fortune flew before you;
Sublime you sat in Triumph on her Wheel;
Till in my fatal Cause your Sword was drawn,
The Weight of my Misfortunes dragg'd you down.

Seb. And is't not strange, that Heav'n should bless my
In common Causes, and desert the best? [Arms
Now

Now in your greatest, last Extremity,
When I wou'd aid you most, and most desire it,
I bring but Sighs, the Succours of a Slave.

Alm. Leave then the Luggage of your Fate behind
To make your Flight more easy, leave *Almeyda* :
Nor think me left a base ignoble Prey,
Expos'd to this inhuman Tyrant's Lust;
My Virtue is a Guard beyond my Strength,
And Death, my last Defence, within my Call.

Seb. Death may be call'd in vain, and cannot come ;
Tyrants can tie him up from your Relief :
Nor has a Christian Privilege to die.
Alas thou art too young in thy new Faith ;
Brutus and *Cato* might discharge their Souls,
And give them Furlo's for another World :
But we like Centries, are oblig'd to stand
In Starless Nights, and wait th' appointed Hour.

Alm. If shunning Ill be good
To those who cannot shun it but by Death,
Divines but peep on undiscover'd Worlds,
And draw the distant Landscape as they please :
But who has e'er return'd from those bright Regions,
To tell their Manners, and relate their Laws ?
I'll venture landing on that happy Shore
With an unsully'd Body and white Mind ;
If I have err'd, some kind Inhabitant
Will pity a stray'd Soul, and take me home.

Seb. Beware of Death, thou canst not die unperjur'd,
And leave an unaccomplish'd Love behind.
Thy Vows are mine ; nor will I quit my Claim :
The Tye of Minds are but imperfect Bonds,
Unless the Bodies join to seal the Contract.

Alm. What Joys can you possess, or can I give,
Where Groans of Death succeed the Sighs of Love ?
Our Hymen has not on his Saffron Robe ;
But muffled up in Mourning, downward holds
His drooping Torch, extinguish'd with his Tears.

Seb. The God of Love stands ready to revive it
With his Ætherial Breath.

Alm. 'Tis late to join, when we must part so soon.

Seb.

Seb. Nay, rather let us haste it, ere we part :
Our Souls for want of that Acquaintance here,
May wander in the starry Walks above,
And, forc'd on worse Companions, miss our selves.

Alm. The Tyrant will not long be absent hence ;
And soon I shall be ravish'd from your Arms.

Seb. Wilt thou thy self become the greater Tyrant,
And give not Love, while thou hast Love to give ?
In dangerous Days, when Riches are a Crime,
The Wise betimes make over their Estates :
Make o'er thy Honour, by a Deed of Trust,
And give me Seizure of the mighty Wealth.

Alm. What shall I do ! O teach me to refuse !
I wou'd ; and yet I tremble at the Grant.
For dire Presages fright my Soul by Day,
And boding Visions haunt my nightly Dreams ;
Sometimes, methinks, I hear the Groans of Ghosts ;
Thin, hollow, Sounds, and lamentable Screams ;
Then, like a dying Echo, from afar,
My Mother's Voice, that cries, Wed not, *Almeyda* !
Forewarn'd *Almeyda*, Marriage is thy Crime.

Seb. Some envious *Dæmon*, to delude our Joys ;
Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love.

Alm. Mine is a Flame so holy and so clear,
That the white Taper leaves no Soot behind ;
No Smoak of Lust ; but chaste as Sister's Love,
When coldly they return a Brother's Kiss,
Without the Zeal that meets at Lovers Mouths.

Seb. Laugh then at fond Presages ; I had some ;
Fam'd *Nostradamus*, when he took my Horoscope,
Foretold my Father, I shou'd wed with Incest :
Ere this unhappy War my Mother dy'd ;
And Sisters I had none ; vain Augury !
A long religious Life, a holy Age,
My Stars assign'd me too ; impossible :
For how can Incest suit with Holiness,
Or Priestly Orders with a Princely State ?

Alm. Old venerable *Alvarez* ! — [Sighing.

Seb. But why that Sigh in naming that good Man ?

Alm. Your Father's Counsellor and Confident —

Seb.

Seb. He was ; and, if he lives, my second Father.

Alm. Mark'd our Farewel, when going to the Fight,
You gave *Almeyda* for the Word of Battel :
'Twas in that fatal Moment, he discover'd
The Love that long we labour'd to conceal.
I know it ; tho' my Eyes stood full of Tears,
Yet thro' the Mist I saw him stedfast gaze :
Then knock'd his aged Breast, and inward groan'd ;
Like some sad Prophet, that foresaw the Doom
Of those whom best he lov'd, and cou'd not save.

Seb. It startles me ! and brings to my Remembrance,
That, when the Shock of Battle was begun,
He wou'd have much complain'd (but had not Time),
Of our hid Passion ; then, with lifted Hands,
He begg'd me by my Father's Sacred Soul,
Not to espouse you, if he dy'd in Fight :
For if he liv'd, and we were Conquerors,
He had such Things to urge against our Marriage,
As, now declar'd, wou'd blunt my Sword in Battel,
And dastardize my Courage.

Alm. My Blood cruddles,
And cakes about my Heart.

Seb. I'll breath a Sigh, so warm into thy Bosom,
Shall make it flow again. My Love, he knows not
Thou art a Christian ; that produc'd his Fear :
Lest thou shou'dst sooth my Soul with Charms so strong,
That Heav'n might prove too weak,

Alm. There must be more :
This cou'd not blunt your Sword.

Seb. Yes, if I drew it, with a curst Intent,
To take a Misbeliever to my Bed ;
It must be so.

Alm. Yet —

Seb. No, thou shalt not plead
With that fair Mouth, against the Cause of Love.
Within this Castle is a Captive Priest,
My Holy Confessor, whose free Access
Not ev'n the barb'rous Victors have refus'd ;
This Hour his Hands shall make us one.

Alm. I go, with Love and Fortune, two blind Guides,
To

To lead my Way : half loth, and half consenting,
 If, as my Soul forebodes, some dire Event
 Pursue this Union, or some Crime unknown,
 Forgive me Heav'n, ; and all ye Blest above,
 Excuse the Frailty of unbounded Love. [*Exeunt ambo.*]

S C E N E II. *Suppos'd a Garden; with
 Lodging Rooms behind it, or on the Sides.*

*Enter Musti, Antonio as a Slave, and Johayma the
 Musti's Wife.*

Muf. And how do you like him? look upon him
 well; he's a personable Fellow of a Christian Dog.
 Now I think you are fitted for a Gardiner: Ha, what
 say'st thou, *Johayma*?

Job. He may make a shift to sow Lettice, raise Me-
 lons, and water a Garden-Plat: but otherwise a very
 filthy Fellow: how odiously he smells of his Country
 Garlick! fugh, how he stinks of *Spain*.

Muf. Why Honey-bird, I bought him on purpose for
 thee; didst not thou say thou long'dst for a Christian
 Slave?

Job. Ay, but the Sight of that loathsome Creature has
 almost cur'd me; and how can I tell that he's a Chris-
 tian? and he were well search'd, he may prove a *Jew*
 for ought I know. And besides, I have always long'd
 for an Eunuch; for they say that's a civil Creature, and
 almost as harmless as your self, Husband: Speak Fel-
 low, are not you such a kind of peaceable Thing?

Ant. I was never taken for one in my own Country;
 And not very peaceable neither, when I am well pro-
 vok'd.

Muf. To your Occupation, Dog; bind up the Jessa-
 mines in yond' Arbour, and handle your Pruning-Knife
 with Dexterity; tightly I say, go tightly to your Busi-
 ness: you have cost me much; and must earn it in your
 Work; here's plentiful Provision for you, Rascal, Sal-
 lading in the Garden, and Water in the Tanck, and
 on Holydays the licking of a Platter of Rice when you
 deserve it.

Job.

Job. What have you been bred up to, Sirrah, and what can you perform to recommend you to my Service?

Ant. [*making Legs.*] Why Madam, I can perform as much as any Man, in a fair Lady's Service. I can play upon the Flute, and sing; I can carry your Umbrella, and fan your Ladyship, and cool you when you are too hot; in fine, no Service either by Day or by Night shall come amiss to me; and besides, am of so quick an Apprehension, that you need but wink 'upon me at any Time, to make me understand my Duty. [*She winks at him.*]

Ant. Very fine, she has tipt the Wink already. — [*Aside.*]

Job. The Whelp may come to something in Time, when I have enter'd him into his Business.

Muf. A very malapert Cur, I can tell him that; I do not like his Fauning; you must be taught your Distance, Sirrah. [*Strikes him.*]

Job. Hold, hold — He has deserv'd it I confess; but for once let his Ignorance plead his Pardon; we must not discourage a Beginner. Your Reverence has taught us Charity ev'n to Birds and Beasts: here you filthy Brute you — take this little Alms to buy you Plaisters.]

[*Gives him a Piece of Money.*]

Ant. Money, and a Love-Pinch in the Inside of my Palm into the Bargain. [*Aside.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord Benducar is coming to wait on you, and is already at the Palace Gate.

Muf. Come in, *Jobayma*, regulate the rest of my Wives, and Concubines, and leave the Fellow to his Work.

Job. How stupidly he stares about him, like a Calf new come into the World: I shall teach you, Sirrah, to know your Business a little better: — this Way you aukward Rascal, here lies the Arbour, must I be shewing you eternally? [*Turning him about.*]

Muf. Come away, Minion; you shall shew him nothing.

Job. I'll but bring him into the Arbour, where a Rose-tree and a Myrtle-tree are just falling for want of a Prop: if they were bound together, they wou'd help to keep up one another: — He's a raw Gardiner, and 'tis but Charity to teach him.

Muf.

Muf. No more Deeds of Charity to Day ; come in, or I fhall think you a little better dispos'd than I cou'd wish you.

Joh. Well, go before, I will follow my Pastor.

Muf. So you may caſt a Sheep's Eye behind you ; In before me ; and you Saucineſs, mind your Pruning-knife ; or I may chance to uſe it for you.

[*Exeunt Muſti and Johayma.*]

Ant. [*alone.*] Thank you for that, but I am in no ſuch haſte to be made a Muſulman. For his Wedlock, for all her Haughtineſs, I find her coming. How far a Chriſtian ſhould reſiſt, I partly know ; but how far a leud young Chriſtian can reſiſt, is another Queſtion. She's tolerable, and I am a poor Stranger, far from better Friends, and in a bodily Neceſſity : Now have I a ſtrange Temptation to try what other Females are belonging to this Family : I am not far from the Womens Apartment I am ſure ; and if theſe Birds are within diſtance, here's that will chuckle 'em together. [*pulls out his Flute.*] If there be variety of Moors Fleſh in this holy Market, 'twere Madneſs to lay out all my Money upon the firſt Bargain.

[*He plays.*]

[*A Grate opens, and Morayma the Muſti's Daughter appears at it.*]

Ant. Ay there's an Apparition ! This is a Morſel worthy of a *Muſti* ; this is a reliſhing bit in Secret ; this is the Myſtery of his Alcoran, that muſt be reſerved from the Knowledge of the profane Vulgar. This is the Holiday Devotion ; ſee, ſhe beckons too. —

[*She beckons to him.*]

Mor. Come a little nearer, and ſpeak ſoftly.

Ant. I come, I come, I warrant thee ; the leaſt Twinkle had brought me to thee ; ſuch another kind Syllable or two wou'd turn me to a Meteor, and draw me up to thee.

Mor. I dare not ſpeak, for fear of being overheard ; but if you think my Perſon worth your Hazard, and can deſerve my Love — the reſt this Note ſhall tell you — [*throws down a Handkerchief.*] No more, my Heart goes with you.

[*Exit from the Grate.*]

Ant.

Ant. O thou pretty little Heart ; art thou flown hither ?
I'll keep it warm I warrant it, and brood upon it in the
new Nest : but now upon my Treasure trove, that's
wrapt up in the Handkerchief ; No peeping here, tho' I
long to be spelling her Arabick Scrawls and Pot-hooks.
But I must carry off my Prize as Robbers do ; and not
think of sharing the Booty before I am free from Dan-
ger, and out of Eye-shot from the other Windows. If
her Wit be as poynant as her Eyes, I am a double Slave.
Our Northern Beauties are meer Dough to these : In-
sipid white Earth, meer Tobacco-pipe Clay : with no
more Soul and Motion in 'em than a Fly in Winter.

Here the warm Planet ripens and sublimes
The well-bak'd Beauties of the Southern Climes ;
Our *Cupid's* but a Bungler in his Trade ;
His keenest Arrows are in *Africk* made. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Terrace-Walk ; or some other publick Place
in the Castle of Alcazar.*

Enter Emperor Muley-Moluch, and Benducar.

Emp. **M**Arry'd ! I'll not believe it ; 'tis Imposture ;
Improbable they should presume t'attempt,
Impossible they should effect their Wish.

Bend. Have patience till I clear it.

Emp. I have none :

Go bid our moving Plains of Sand lie still,
And stir not, when the stormy South blows high :
From top to bottom thou hast toss'd my Soul,
And now 'tis in the Madness of the Whirl,
Requir'st a sudden stop ? unsay thy Lye,
That may in time do somewhat.

Bend. I have done :

For,

For, since it pleases you it shou'd be forg'd,
'Tis fit it shou'd: far be it from your Slave
To raise Disturbance in your Sacred Breast.

Emp. *Sebastian* is my Slave as well as thou;
Nor durst offend my Love by that Presumption.

Bend. Most sure he ought not.

Emp. Then all Means were wanting;
No Priest, no Ceremonies of their Sex;
Or, grant we these Defects cou'd be supply'd,
How cou'd our Prophet do an Act so base,
So to resume his Gifts, and curse my Conquests,
By making me unhappy? No, the Slave
That told thee so absurd a Story, ly'd.

Bend. Yet till this Moment I have found him faithful:
He said he saw it too.

Emp. Dispatch; what saw he?

Bend. Truth is considering, with what Earnestness
Sebastian pleaded for *Almeyda's* Life,
Inhanc'd her Beauty, dwelt upon her Praise.

Emp. O stupid, and unthinking as I was!
I might have mark'd it too; 'twas gross and palpable!

Bend. Methought I trac'd a Lover ill disguis'd;
And sent my Spy, a sharp observing Slave,
T' inform me better, if I guess'd aright.
He told me, that he saw *Sebastian's* Page
Run cross the Marble Square, who soon return'd,
And after him there lagg'd a puffing Fryar;
Close wrapt he bore some secret Instrument
Of Christian Superstition in his Hand;
My Servant follow'd fast, and thro' a Chink
Perceiv'd the Royal Captives Hand in Hand:
And heard the hooded Father mumbling Charms,
That make those Misbelievers Man and Wife;
Which done, the Spouses kiss'd with such a Fervour,
And gave such furious Earnest of their Flames,
That their Eyes sparkled, and their mantling Blood
Flew flushing o'er their Faces.

Emp. Hell confound 'em!

Bend. The Reverend Father with a holy Leer,
Saw he might well be spar'd, and soon withdrew:

This

This forc'd my Servant to a quick Retreat,
For fear to be discover'd; guess the rest.

Emp. I do. My Fancy is too exquisite,
And tortures me with their imagin'd Bliss.
Some Earthquake shou'd have risen and rent the
Ground,

Have swallow'd him, and left the longing Bride
In Agony of unaccomplish'd Love. [*Walks disorderly.*

Enter the Mufti.

Bend. In an unlucky Hour [*Aside.*
That Fool intrudes, raw in this great Affair,
And uninstructed how to stem the Tide.

[*Coming up to the Mufti aside.*

The Emp'ror must not marry, nor enjoy;
Keep to that Point; stand firm, for all's at Stake.

[*Emp. seeing him.*] You Druggerman of Heaven, must
I attend

Your droaning Prayers? Why came ye not before?
Dost thou not know the Captive King has dar'd
To wed *Almeyda*? Cancel me that Marriage,
And make her mine; about the Business, quick.
Expound thy *Mabomet*; make him speak my Sense,
Or he's no Prophet here, and thou no *Mufti*,
Unless thou know'st the Trick of thy Vocation,
To wrest and rend the Law to please thy Prince.

Muf. Why, verily the Law is monstrous plain:
There's not one doubtful Text in all the Alcoran,
Which can be wrench'd in favour to your Project.

Emp. Forge one, and foist it into some By-place
Of some old rotten Roll; do't, I command thee:
Must I teach thee thy Trade?

Muf. It cannot be.

For Matrimony being the dearest Point
Of Law, the People have it all by Heart:
A Cheat on Procreation will not pass.
Besides, th' Offence is so exorbitant, [*In a higher Tone.*
To mingle with a misbelieving Race,
That speedy Vengeance wou'd pursue your Crime,
And Holy *Mabomet* launch himself from Heav'n
Before th' unready Thunderbolts were form'd.

Emp.

Emperor taking him by the Throat with one Hand, snatches out his Sword with the other, and points it to his Breast.

Emp. Slave, have I rais'd thee to this Pomp and Pow'r,
To preach against my Will? Know I am Law;
And thou, not *Mabomet's* Messenger, but mine;
Make it, I charge thee, make my Pleasure lawful:
Or first I strip thee of thy ghostly Greatness,
Then send thee post to tell thy Tale above;
And bring thy vain Memorials to thy Prophet
Of Justice done below for Disobedience.

Muf. For Heaven's sake hold, the respite of a Moment—
To think for you ———

Emp. And for thy self —

Muf. For both.

Bend. Disgrace, and Death, and Avarice have lost
him! *[Aside.]*

Muf. 'Tis true, our Law forbids to wed a Christian;
But it forbids you not to ravish her.

You have a Conqueror's Right upon your Slave;
And then the more despight you do a Christian,
You serve the Prophet more, who loaths that Sect.

Emp. O now it mends; and you talk Reason, *Musti*.
But stay! I promis'd Freedom to *Sebastian*.
Now shou'd I grant it, his revengeful Soul
Wou'd ne'er forgive his violated Bed.

Muf. Kill him, for then you give him Liberty;
His Soul is from his earthly Prison freed.

Emp. How happy is the Prince who has a Churchman
So learn'd and pliant to expound his Laws!

Bend. Two things I humbly offer to your Prudence.

Emp. Be brief, but let not either thwart my Love.

Bend. First, Since our holy Man has made Rape lawful,
Fright her with that; proceed not yet to Force:
Why shou'd you pluck the green distasteful Fruit
From the unwilling Bough,
When it may ripen of it self, and fall?

Emp. Grant her a Day; tho' that's too much to give
Out of a Life which I devote to Love.

Bend. Then next, to bar

All future Hopes of her desir'd *Sebastian*,
Let *Dorax* be enjoin'd to bring his Head.

Emp.

Emp. [to the Mufti.] Go, *Mufti*, call him to receive his Orders.

[Exit Mufti.]

I taste thy Counsel; her Desires new rous'd,
And yet unslak'd, will kindle in her Fancy,
And make her eager to renew the Feast.

Bend. [Aside.] *Derax*, I know before, will disobey:
There's a Foe's Head well cropt —

But this hot Love precipitates my Plot;
And brings it to Projection ere its Time.

Enter Sebastian and Almeyda, hand in hand; upon fight of the Emperor, they separate, and seem disturb'd.

Alm. He breaks at unawares upon our Walks,
And like a Midnight Wolf invades the Fold:
Make speedy Preparation of your Soul,
And bid it arm apace: He comes for Answer,
And brutal Mischief sits upon his Brow.

Seb. Not the last Sounding cou'd surprize me more,
That summons drouzy Mortals to their Doom,
When call'd in haste they fumble for their Limbs,
And tremble unprovided for their Charge:
My Sense has been so deeply plung'd in Joys,
The Soul out-slept her Hour; and scarce awake,
Wou'd think too late, and cannot: But brave Minds
At worst can dare their Fate: —

Emp. [coming up to them] Have you perform'd
Your Embassy, and treated with Success?

Seb. I had no Time.

Emp. No, not for my Affairs,
But for your own too much.

Seb. You talk in Clouds, explain your Meaning, Sir.

Emp. Explain yours first: What meant you hand in hand,
And when you saw me, with a guilty Start
You loos'd your Hold, affrighted at my Presence?

Seb. Affrighted!

Emp. Yes, astonish'd and confounded.

Seb. What mak'st thou of thy self, and what of me?
Art thou some Ghost, some Dæmon, or some God,
That I shou'd stand astonish'd at thy Sight?
If thou cou'dst deem so meanly of my Courage,
Why didst thou not engage me Man for Man,

And

And try the Virtue of that *Gorgon* Face,
To stare me into Statue?

Emp. Oh, thou art now recover'd, but by Heav'n,
Thou wert amaz'd at first, as if surpriz'd
At unexpected Baseness brought to light.
For know, ungrateful Man, that Kings, like Gods,
Are every where; walk in th' Abyss of Minds,
And view the dark Recesses of the Soul.

Seb. Base and ungrateful never was I thought;
Nor till this Turn of Fate, durst thou have call'd me;
But, since thou boast'st th' Omniscience of a God,
Say in what Cranny of *Sebastian's* Soul,
Unknown to me, so loath'd a Crime is lodg'd?

Emp. Thou hast not broke my Trust repos'd in thee!

Seb. Impos'd, but not receiv'd: Take back that Falseness,

Emp. Thou art not marry'd to *Almeyda*?

Seb. Yes.

Emp. And own'st the Usurpation of my Love?

Seb. I own it in the Face of Heav'n and thee,
No Usurpation, but a lawful Claim,
Of which I stand possess'd.

Emp. Sh' has chosen well,
Betwixt a Captive and a Conqueror.

Alm. Betwixt a Monster and the best of Men.
He was the Envy of his neighb'ring Kings;
For him their fighting Queens despis'd their Lords,
And Virgin Daughters blush'd when he was nam'd.
To share his noble Chains is more to me,
Than all the salvage Greatness of thy Throne.

Seb. Were I to chuse again, and knew my Fate,
For such a Night I would be what I am.
The Joys I have possess'd are ever mine;
Out of thy Reach behind Eternity,
Hid in the sacred Treasure of the Past;
But blest Remembrance brings 'em hourly back.

Emp. Hourly indeed, who hast but Hours to live:
O mighty Purchase of a boasted Bliss!
To dream of what thou hadst one fugitive Night,
And never shalt have more.

Seb. Barbarian, thou canst part us but a Moment; —
We

We shall be one again in thy Despight;
Life is but Air,
That yields a Passage to the whistling Sword,
And closes when 'tis gone.

Alm. How can we better die than close embrac'd,
Sucking each others Souls while we expire?
Which so transfus'd, and mounting both at once,
The Saints deceiv'd shall by a sweet Mistake
Hand up thy Soul for mine, and mine for thine.

Emp. No, I'll untwist you;
I have occasion for your Stay on Earth:
Let him mount first, and beat upon the Wing,
And wait an Age for what I here detain;
Or sicken at immortal Joys above,
And languish for the Heav'n he left below. [join'd?

Alm. Thou wilt not dare to break what Heav'n has

Emp. Not break the Chain, but change a rotten Link,
And rivet one to last.

Think'st thou I come to argue Right and Wrong?
Why lingers *Dorax* thus? Where are my Guards,

[*Benducar goes out for the Guards, and returns.*
To drag that Slave to Death? [Pointing to *Sebastian*.
Now storm and rage,
Call vainly on thy Prophet, then defy him
For wanting Power to save thee.

Seb. That were to gratify thy Pride: I'll shew thee
How a Man shou'd, and how a King dare die:
So even, that my Soul shall walk with Ease
Out of its Flesh, and shut out Life as calmly
As it does Words; without a Sigh to note
One Struggle in the smooth dissolving Frame.

Alm. [to the *Emp.*] Expect Revenge from Heav'n, inhu-
Nor hope t'ascend *Sebastian's* Holy Bed. [man Wretch;
Flames, Daggers, Poisons, guard the sacred Steps;
Those are the promis'd Pleasures of my Love.

Emp. And these might fright another, but not me;
Or me, if I design'd to give you Pleasure:
I seek my own, and while that lasts, you live.

Enter two of the Guards.

Go, bear the Captive to a speedy Death,

And

And set my Soul at ease.

Alm. I charge you hold, ye Ministers of Death;
Speak, my *Sebastian*;

Plead for thy Life: Oh ask it of the Tyrant;

'Tis no Dishonour, trust me, Love, 'tis none:

I would die for thee, but I cannot plead;

My haughty Heart disdains it, ev'n for thee.

Still silent! will the King of *Portugal*

Go to his Death like a dumb Sacrifice?

Beg him to save my Life in saving thine.

Seb. Farewel, my Life's not worth another Word.

Emp. [*to the Guards.*] Perform your Orders.

Alm. Stay, take my Farewel too:

Farewel the Greatness of *Almeyda's* Soul!

Look, Tyrant, what Excess of Love can do,

It pulls me down thus low, as to thy Feet; [*Kneels to him.*]

Nay to embrace thy Knees with loathing Hands,

Which blister when they touch thee: Yet ev'n thus,

Thus far I can to save *Sebastian's* Life.

Emp. A secret Pleasure trickles through my Veins:
It works about the Inlets of my Soul!

To feel thy Touch; and Pity tempts the Pass;

But the tough Metal of my Heart resists;

'Tis warm'd with the soft Fire, not melted down.

Alm. A Flood of scalding Tears will make it run:

Spare him, Oh spare; can you pretend to Love,

And have no Pity? Love and that are Twins.

Here will I grow;

Thus compass you with these supplanting Cords,

And pull so long till the proud Fabrick falls.

Emp. Still kneel, and still embrace; 'tis double Pleasure
So to be hugg'd, and see *Sebastian* die.

Alm. Look, Tyrant, when thou nam'st *Sebastian's*
Thy very Executioners turn pale. [*Death,*

Rough as they are, and harden'd in their Trade

Of Death, they start at an anointed Head,

And tremble to approach: — He hears me not;

Nor minds th'Impression of a God on Kings;

Because no Stamp of Heav'n was on his Soul;

But the resisting Mass drove back the Seal.

Say

Say, tho' thy Heart be Rock of Adamant,
 Yet Rocks are not impregnable to Bribes :
 Instruct me how to bribe thee : Name thy Price ;
 Lo, I resign my Title to the Crown ;
 Send me to Exile with the Man I love,
 And Banishment is Empire.

Emp. Here's my Claim ;

[Clapping his Hand to his Sword.]

And this extinguish'd thine ; thou giv'st me nothing.

Alm. My Father's, Mother's, Brother's Death I pardon :
 That's somewhat sure ; a mighty Sum of Murder,
 Of innocent and kindred Blood struck off.

My Prayers and Penance shall discount for these,
 And beg of Heav'n to charge the Bill on me :
 Behold what Price I offer, and how dear
 To buy *Sebastian's* Life.

Emp. Let After-reck'nings trouble fearful Fools ;
 I'll stand the Trial of those trivial Crimes :
 But, since thou begg'st me to prescribe my Terms,
 The only I can offer are thy Love ;
 And this one Day of respite to resolve.
 Grant or deny, for thy next Word is Fate ;
 And Fate is deaf to Pray'r.

Alm. May Heav'n be so

[Rising up.]

At thy last Breath to thine : I curse thee not ;
 For who can better curse the Plague or Devil,
 Than to be what they are ? That Curse be thine.
 Now, do not speak, *Sebastian*, for you need not ;
 But die, for I resign your Life : Look, Heav'n,
Almeyda dooms her dear *Sebastian's* Death !
 But is there Heav'n ? for I begin to doubt ;
 The Skies are hush'd, no grumbling Thunders roul ;
 Now take your swing, ye Impious ; sin unpunish'd ;
 Eternal Providence seems over-watch'd,
 And with a slumb'ring Nod assents to Murder.

Enter Dorax attended by three Soldiers.

Emp. Thou mov'st a Tortoise-pace to my Relief.
 Take hence that, once a King ; that sullen Pride
 That swells to Dumbness ; lay him in the Dungeon,
 And sink him deep with Irons ; that when he wou'd,
 He shall not groan to Hearing : when I send,

The next Commands are Death.

Alm. Then Prayers are vain as Curfes.

Emp. Much at one

In a Slave's Mouth, againſt a Monarch's Pow'r.

This Day thou haſt to think ;

At Night, if thou wilt curſe, thou ſhalt curſe kindly ;

Then I'll provoke thy Lips ; lay ſiege ſo cloſe,

That all thy fallying Breath ſhall turn to Bleſſings.

Make haſte, ſeize, force her, bear her hence.

Alm. Farewel, my laſt *Sebastian* !

I do not beg, I challenge Juſtice now ;

O Pow'rs, if Kings be your peculiar Care,

Why plays this Wretch with your Prerogative ?

Now ſlaſh him dead, now crumble him to Aſhes ;

Or henceforth live confin'd in your own Palace ;

And look not idly out upon a World

That is no longer yours.

[*She is carried off ſtruggling, Emp. and Bend. follow.*

[*Sebastian ſtruggles in his Guards Arms, and ſhakes off one of them ; but two others come in, and hold him ; he ſpeaks not all the while.*

Dor. I find I'm but a half-ſtrain'd Villain yet ; [*Aſide.*

But mungril-miſchievous ; for my Blood boil'd,

To view this brutal Act ; and my ſtern Soul

Tugg'd at my Arm to draw in her Defence.

Down thou rebelling Chriſtian in my Heart ;

Redeem thy Fame on this *Sebastian* firſt ; [*Walks a turn.*

Then think on others Wrongs, when thine are righted.

But how to right 'em ? on a Slave diſarm'd ;

Defenceleſs and ſubmitted to my Rage ?

A baſe Revenge is Vengeance on my ſelf ;

[*Walks again.*

I have it, and I thank thee honeſt Head,

Thus preſent to me at my great Neceſſity : ———

[*Comes up to Sebastian.*

You know me not ?

Seb. I hear Men call thee *Dorax*.

(too ;

Dor. 'Tis well, you know enough for once, you ſpeak
You were ſtruck mute before.

Seb. Silence became me then.

Dor. Yet we may talk hereafter.

Seb.

Seb. Hereafter is not mine: —

Dispatch thy Work, good Executioner. (*Falshood*)

Dor. None of my Blood were Hangmen: add that
To a long Bill that yet remains unreckon'd.

Seb. A King and thou can never have a Reck'ning.

Dor. A greater Sum perhaps than you can pay.

Mean time I shall make bold t'increase your Debt.

[*Gives him his Sword.*]

Take this, and use it at your greatest Need.

Seb. This Hand and this have been acquainted well;

[*Looks on it.*] It shou'd have come before into my Grasp,
'To kill the Ravisher.

Dor. Thou heard'st the Tyrant's Orders; guard thy Life
When 'tis attack'd, and guard it like a Man.

Seb. I'm still without thy Meaning, but I thank thee.

Dor. Thank me when I ask Thanks, thank me with

Seb. Such surly Kindness did I never see! (*that.*)

Dor. [*to the Captain of his Guards.*] *Muxa*, draw out
a File, pick Man by Man,

Such who dare die, and dear will sell their Death.

Guard him to th' utmost; now conduct him hence,

And treat him as my Person.

Seb. Something like

That Voice methinks I shou'd have somewhere heard:

But Floods of Woes have hurry'd it far off,

Beyond my kenn of Soul. [*Exit Seb. with the Soldiers.*]

Dor. But I shall bring him back, ungrateful Man,

[*Solus.*]

I shall, and set him full before thy Sight,

When I shall front thee, like some staring Ghost,

With all my Wrongs about me. — What so soon

Return'd? this Haste is boding.

Enter to him Emperor, Benducar, and Musti.

Emp. She's still inexorable, still imperious,

And loud, as if like *Bacchus* born in Thunder.

Be quick ye false Physicians of my Mind,

Bring speedy Death, or Cure.

Bend. What can be counsell'd while *Sebastian* lives?

The Vine will cling, while the tall Poplar stands,

But that cut down, creeps to the next Support,

And twines as closely there.

D 2

Emp.

Emp. That's done with Ease, I speak him dead ; pro-

Muf. Proclaim your Marriage with *Almeyda* next, (ceed.
That Civil Wars may cease ; this gains the Croud :
Then you may safely force her to your Will :
For People side with Violence and Injustice,
When done for publick Good.

Emp. Preach thou that Doctrine.

Bend. Th' unreasonable Fool has broach'd a Truth

[*Aside.*

That blasts my Hopes ; but since 'tis gone so far,
He shall divulge *Almeyda* is a Christian :
If that produce no Tumult, I despair.

Emp. Why speaks not *Dorax* ?

Dor. Because my Soul abhors to mix with him.
Sir, let me bluntly say, you went too far,
To trust the Preaching Pow'r on State-Affairs
To him or any heav'nly Demagogue.
'Tis a Limb lopt from your Prerogative,
And so much of Heav'n's Image blotted from you.

Muf. Sure thou hast never heard of holy Men
(So Christians call 'em) fam'd in State Affairs ;
Such as in *Spain*, *Xymenes*, *Albornex*,
In *England Woolsey* ; match me these with Laymen.

I or. How you triumph in one or two of these,
Born to be Statesmen, happ'ning to be Churchmen !
Thou call'st 'em holy : so their Function was :
But tell me, *Mufti*, which of 'em were Saints ?
Next Sir, to you ; the Sum of all is this,
Since he claims Pow'r from Heav'n, and not from Kings,
When 'tis his Int'rest. he can int'rest Heav'n
To preach you down ; and Ages oft depend
On Hours, uninterrupted, in the Chair.

Emp. I'll trust his Preaching while I rule his Pay,
And I dare trust my *Africans*, to hear
Whatever he dare preach.

Dor. You know 'em not.
The Genius of your *Moors* is Mutiny ;
They scarcely want a Guide to move their Madnes :
Prompt to rebel on every weak Pretence,
Blustering when courted, crouching when oppress ;
Wise to themselves, and Fools to all the World ;

Restless

Restless in Change, and perjur'd to a Proverb.
They love Religion sweeten'd to the Sense;
A good, luxurious, palatable Faith.
Thus Vice and Godliness, prepost'rous Pair,
Ride Cheek by Jowl; but Churchmen hold the Reins.
And whene'er Kings wou'd lower Clergy Greatness,
They learn too late what Pow'r the Preachers have,
And whose the Subjects are: the *Musti* knows it;
Nor dares deny what pass'd betwixt us two.

Emp. No more, whate'er he said was my Command.

Dor. Why then no more, since you will hear no more;
Some Kings are resolute to their own Ruin.

Emp. Without your meddling where you are not ask'd,
Obey your Orders, and dispatch *Sebastian*.

Dor. Trust my Revenge; be sure I wish him dead.

Emp. What mean'st thou? What's thy Wishing to my
Dispatch him, rid me of the Man I loath. (Will?)

Dor. I hear you, Sir, I'll take my Time, and do't. —

Emp. Thy Time? What's all thy Time? What's
thy whole Life

To my one Hour of Ease? No more Replies,
But see thou dost it; Or —

Dor. Choak in that Threat; I can say Or as loud.

Emp. 'Tis well, I see my Words have no Effect,
But I may send a Message to dispose you. [*It going off.*]

Dor. Expect an Answer worthy of that Message.

Muf. The Prophet ow'd him this: [*Aside.*]
And thank'd be Heav'n, he has it.

Bend. By holy *Alba*, I conjure you stay,
And judge not rashly of so brave a Man.

[*Draws the Emperor aside, and whispers him.*]
I'll give you Reasons why he cannot execute
Your Orders now, and why he will hereafter.

Muf. *Benducar* is a Fool to bring him off, [*Aside.*]
I'll work my own Revenge, and speedily.

Bend. The Fort is his, the Soldiers Hearts are his;
A thousand Christian Slaves are in the Castle,
Which he can free to reinforce his Pow'r;
Your Troops far off, beleaguering *Larache*,
Yet in the Christian Hands.

Emp. I grant all this;
But grant me he must die.

Bend. He shall by Poison;
'Tis here, the deadly Drug prepar'd in Powder,
Hot as Hell Fire: — then, to prevent his Soldiers
From rising to revenge their Gen'ral's Death,
While he is struggling with his mortal Pangs,
The Rabble on the sudden may be rais'd
To seize the Castle.

Emp. Do't; 'tis left to thee.

Bend. Yet more; but clear your Brow; for he observes.
[*They whisper again.*]

Dor. What, will the Fav'rite prop my falling Fortunes?
O Prodigy of Court! [*Aside.*]

[*Emp. and Bend. return to Dor.*]

Emp. Your Friend has fully clear'd your Innocence,
I was too hasty to condemn unheard:
And you, perhaps, too prompt in your Replies.
As far as fits the Majesty of Kings,
I ask Excuse.

Dor. I'm sure I meant it well.

Emp. I know you did: — this to our Love re-
new'd. [*Emp. Drinks.*]

Benducar, fill to *Dorax.*

[*Bend. turns, and mixes a Powder in it.*]

Dor. Let it go round, for all of us have need
To quench our Heats; 'tis the King's Health, *Ben-
ducuar.* — [*He drinks.*]

And I wou'd pledge it, tho' I knew 'twere Poison.

Bend. Another Bowl; for what the King has touch'd,
And you have pledg'd, is sacred to your Loves.

[*Drinks out of another Bowl.*]

Muf. Since Charity becomes my Calling, thus
Let me provoke your Friendship: And Heav'n bless it,
As I intend it well —

[*Drinks, and turning aside pours some Drops out of a
little Vial into the Bowl; then presents it to Dorax.*]

Dor. Heav'n make thee honest,
On that Condition we shall soon be Friends. — [*Drinks.*]

Muf.

Muf. Yes, at our meeting in another World ; [*Aside.*
For thou hast drunk thy Palsport out of this.
Not the *Nenacrian* Font, nor *Lethe's* Lake,
Cou'd sooner numb thy nimble Faculties,
Than this, to Sleep eternal.

Emp. Now farewell, *Dorax*, this was our first Quarrel,
And I dare prophesy, will prove our last.

[[*Exit Emp. with Bend. and the Musti.*

Dor. It may be so : I'm strangely discompos'd :
Quick Shootings thro' my Limbs, and pricking Pains,
Qualms at my Heart, Convulsions in my Nerves,
Shiv'rings of Cold, and Burnings of my Entrails
Within my little World make Medley-War,
Lose and regain, beat, and are beaten back,
As momentary Victors quit their Ground.
Can it be Poison ! Poison's of one Tenour,
Or hot, or cold ; this neither, and yet both.
Some deadly Draught, some Enemy of Life
Boils in my Bowels, and works out my Soul.
Ingratitude's the Growth of every Clime ;
Africk, the Scene remov'd, is *Portugal*.
Of all Court Service learn the common Lot ;
To-day 'tis done, To-morrow 'tis forgot.
Oh, were that all ! my honest Corps must lie
Expos'd to Scorn, and publick Infamy :
My shameful Death will be divulg'd alone ;
The Worth and Honour of my Soul unknown. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Night-Scene of the Musti's
Garden, where an Arbour is discover'd.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. She names her self *Morayma* ; the *Musti's* only
Daughter, and a Virgin ! This is the Time and Place that
she appointed in her Letter, yet she comes not. Why
thou sweet delicious Creature, why to torture me with
thy Delay ! Dar'st thou be false to thy Assignment ? What,
in the Cool and Silence of the Night, and to a new
Lover ? Pox on the Hypocrite thy Father, for instructing
thee so little in the sweetest Point of his Religion. Hark,

I hear the rustling of her Silk Mantle. Now she comes, now she comes; no hang't, that was but the Whistling of the Wind thro' the Orange-trees. Now again, I hear the pit-a-pat of a pretty Foot thro' the dark Alley: No, 'tis the Son of a Mare that's broken loose, and munching upon the Melons: — Oh, the Misery of an expecting Lover! Well, I'll e'en despair, go into my Arbour, and try to sleep; in a Dream I shall enjoy her in despite of her. [*Goes to the Arbour, and lies down.*]

Enter Johayma wrapt up in a Moorish Mantle.

Job. Thus far my Love has carry'd me, almost without my Knowledge whither I was going: Shall I go on, shall I discover my self? — What an Injury am I doing to my old Husband! — Yet what Injury, since he's old and has three Wives, and six Concubines besides me! 'tis but stealing my own Tythe from him.

[*She comes a little nearer the Arbour.*]

Ant. [*raising himself a little, and looking.*] At last 'tis she, this is no Illusion I am sure; 'tis a true She-devil of Flesh and Blood; and she cou'd never have taken a sifter Time to tempt me —

Job. He's young and handsome —

Ant. Yes, well enough, I thank Nature. [*Aside.*]

Job. And I am yet neither old nor ugly: Sure he will not refuse me.

Ant. No, thou may'st pawn thy Maidenhead upon't he wonnot. [*Aside.*]

Job. The *Musti* wou'd feast himself upon other Women, and keep me fasting.

Ant. O, the holy Curmudgeon! [*Aside.*]

Job. Wou'd preach Abstinence, and practise Luxury! but I thank my Stars, I have edify'd more by his Example than his Precept.

Ant. Most divinely argu'd; she's the best Casuist in all *Africk*. [*Aside.*]

[*He rushes out and embraces her.*]

I can hold no longer from embracing thee, my dear *Morayma*; the old unconscionable Whorson thy Father, could he expect cold Chastity from a Child of his getting?

Job.

Job. What Nonsense do you talk ? do you take me for the *Musti's* Daughter ? *Barnus.*

Ant. Why, are you not, Madam ? [*Throwing off her*

Job. I find you had an Appointment with *Morayma*.

Ant. By all that's good, the nauseous Wife. [*Aside.*

Job. What, you are confounded, and stand mute ?

Ant. Somewhat nonplust I confess, to hear you deny your Name so positively ; why, are not you *Morayma* the *Musti's* Daughter ? Did not I see you with him, did not he present me to you ? Were you not so charitable as to give me Money ? Ay, and to tread upon my Foot, and squeeze my Hand too, if I may be so bold to remember you of past Favours ?

Job. And you see I am come to make 'em good, but I am neither *Morayma* nor the *Musti's* Daughter.

Ant. Nay, I know not that : but I am sure he is old enough to be your Father ; and either Father, or Reverend Father I heard you call him.

Job. Once again, how came you to name *Morayma* ?

Ant. Another damn'd Mistake of mine : For asking one of my Fellow-Slaves, who were the chief Ladies about the House, he answer'd me, *Morayma* and *Johayma* ; but she, it seems, is his Daughter, with a Pox to her, and you are his beloved Wife.

Job. Say your beloved Mistress if you please ; for that's the Title I desire. This Moon-shine grows offensive to my Eyes ; come, shall we walk into the Arbour ? there we may rectify all Mistakes.

Ant. That's close and dark.

Job. And are those Faults to Lovers ?

Ant. But there I cannot please my self with the sight of your Beauty.

Job. Perhaps you may do better.

Ant. But there's not a Breath of Air stirring.

Job. The Breath of Lovers is the sweetest Air ; but you are fearful.

Ant. I am considering indeed, that if I am taken with you —

Job. The best way to avoid it, is to retire, where we may not be discovered.

Ant. Where lodges your Husband?

Job. Just against the Face of this open Walk.

Ant. Then he has seen us already, for ought I know.

Job. You make so many Difficulties, I fear I am displeasing to you.

Ant. [*Aside.*] If *Morayma* comes, and takes me in the Arbour with her, I have made a fine Exchange of that Diamond for this Pebble.

Job. You are much fallen off, let me tell you, from the Fury of your first Embrace.

Ant. I confess, I was somewhat too furious at first, but you will forgive the Transport of my Passion; now I have consider'd it better, I have a Qualm of Conscience.

Job. Of Conscience! why, what has Conscience to do with two young Lovers that have Opportunity?

Ant. Why truly, Conscience is something to blame for interposing in our Matters: but how can I help it, if I have a Scruple to betray my Master?

Job. There must be something more in't; for your Conscience was very quiet when you took me for *Morayma*.

Ant. I grant you, Madam, when I took you for his Daughter; for then I might have made you an honourable Amends by Marriage.

Job. You Christians are such pecking Sinners, you tremble at a Shadow in the Moonshine.

Ant. And you *Africans* are such Termagants, you stop at nothing. I must be plain with you, you are married, and to a holy Man, the Head of your Religion: go back to your Chamber, go back I say, and consider of it for this Night; as I will do on my Part: I will be true to you, and invent all the Arguments I can to comply with you; and who knows, but at our next Meeting, the sweet Devil may have more Power over me? I am true Flesh and Blood, I can tell you that for your Comfort.

Job. Flesh without Blood I think thou art; or if any, 'tis as cold as that of Fishes. But I'll teach thee, to thy Cost, what Vengeance is in store for refusing a Lady, who has offer'd thee her Love — Help, help, there; will no-body come to my Assistance?

Ant. What do you mean, Madam? for Heav'n's sake
Peace;

Peace; your Husband will hear you; think of your own Danger, if you will not think of mine.

Joh. Ingrateful Wretch, thou deserv'st no Pity: Help, help, Husband, or I shall be ravish'd: the Villain will be too strong for me. Help, help, for Pity of a poor distressed Creature.

Ant. Then I have nothing but Impudence to assist me; I must drown her Clamour, whate'er comes on't.

[He takes out his Flute, and plays as loud as he can possibly, and she continues crying out.]

Enter the Musti in his Night-Gown, and two Servants.

Mus. O thou Villain, what horrible Impiety art thou committing? What, ravishing the Wife of my Bosom? Take him away, ganch him, impale him, rid the World of such a Monster. *[Servants seize him.]*

Ant. Mercy, dear Master, Mercy: Hear me first, and after, if I have deserv'd Hanging, spare me not: What have you seen to provoke you to this Cruelty?

Mus. I have heard the Outcries of my Wife; the Bleatings of the poor innocent Lamb: seen nothing, say'st thou? If I see the Lamb lie bleeding, and the Butcher by her with his Knife drawn and bloody, is not that Evidence sufficient of the Murder? I come too late, and the Execution is already done.

Ant. Pray think in Reason, Sir, is a Man to be put to Death for a Similitude? No Violence has been committed; none intended: the Lamb's alive: and if I durst tell you so, no more a Lamb than I am a Butcher.

Joh. How's that, Villain, dar'st thou accuse me?

Ant. Be patient, Madam, and speak but Truth, and I'll do any thing to serve you: I say again, and swear it too, I'll do any thing to serve you.

Joh. *[Aside]* I understand him; but I fear 'tis now too late to save him: — Pray hear him speak, Husband; perhaps he may say something for himself; I know not.

Mus. Speak thou, has he not violated my Bed, and thy Honour?

Joh. I forgive him freely, for he has done nothing. What he will do hereafter, to make me Satisfaction, himself best knows.

Ant.

Ant. Any thing, any thing, sweet Madam : I shall refuse no Drudgery.

Muf. But did he mean no Mischief ? Was he endeavouring nothing ?

Job. In my Conscience, I begin to doubt he did not.

Muf. 'Tis impossible ; then what meant all these Outcries ?

Job. I heard Musick in the Garden, and at an unreasonable time of Night, and I stole softly out of my Bed, as imagining it might be he.

Muf. How's that, *Jobayma* ? Imagining it was he, and yet you went ?

Job. Why not, my Lord, am not I the Mistress of the Family ? and is it not my Place to see good Orders kept in it ? I thought he might have allur'd some of the She-Slaves to him ; and was resolv'd to prevent what might have been betwixt him and them ; when, on the sudden, he rush'd out upon me, caught me in his Arms with such a Fury —

Muf. I have heard enough, away with him —

Job. Mistaking me no doubt, for one of his Fellow-Slaves : With that, affrighted as I was, I discover'd my self, and cry'd aloud : But as soon as ever he knew me the Villain let me go, and I must needs say, he started back, as if I were some Serpent ; and was more afraid of me than I of him.

Muf. O thou Corrupter of my Family, that's Cause enough of Death ; once again, away with him.

Job. What, for an intended Trespass ? No Harm has been done, whatever may be. He cost you five hundred Crowns, I take it.

Muf. Thou say'st true, a very considerable Sum : He shall not die, tho' he had committed Folly with a Slave ; 'tis too much to lose by him.

Ant. My only Fault has ever been to love playing in the dark, and the more she cry'd, the more I play'd ; that it might be seen I intended nothing to her.

Muf. To your Kennel, Sirrah, mortify your Flesh, and consider in whose Family you are.

Job. And one thing more, remember from henceforth to obey better.

Muf.

Mus. [*Aside.*] For all her Smoothness, I am not quite cur'd of my Jealousy; but I have thought of a Way that will clear my Doubts. [*Exit Mus. with Joh. and Servants.*]

Ant. I am mortify'd sufficiently already, without the Help of his Ghostly Counsel. Fear of Death has gone farther with me in two Minutes, than my Conscience wou'd have gone in two Months. I find my self in a very dejected Condition, all over me; poor Sin lies dormant, Concupiscence is retir'd to his Winter-Quarters; and if *Morayma* shou'd now appear, I say no more, but alas for her and me!

[*Morayma comes out of the Arbour, she steals behind him, and claps him on the Back.*]

Mor. And if *Morayma* shou'd appear, as she does appear, alas you say for her and you!

Ant. Art thou there, my sweet Temptation! my Eyes, my Life, my Soul, my All!

Mor. A mighty Compliment, when all these, by your own Confession, are just nothing.

Ant. Nothing, till thou camest to new create me; thou dost not know the Power of thy own Charms: Let me embrace thee, and thou shalt see how quickly I can turn wicked.

Mor. [*stepping back.*] Nay, if you are so dangerous, 'tis best keeping you at a Distance; I have no Mind to warm a frozen Snake in my Bosom; he may chance to recover, and sting me for my Pains.

Ant. Consider what I have suffer'd for thy Sake already; and make me some Amends: two Disappointments in a Night! O cruel Creature!

Mor. And you may thank your self for both: I came eagerly to the Charge, before my Time, thro' the Back-Walk behind the Arbour; and you, like a fresh-water Soldier, stood guarding the Pass before: If you miss'd the Enemy, you may thank your own Dulness.

Ant. Nay, if you will be using Stratagems, you shall give me Leave to make use of my Advantages, now I have you in my Power: We are fairly met; I'll try it out, and give no Quarter.

Mor.

Mor. By your Favour, Sir, we meet upon Treaty now, and not upon Defiance.

Ant. If that be all, you shall have *Carte blanche* immediately ; for I long to be ratifying.

Mor. No, now I think on't, you are already enter'd into Articles with my Enemy *Jobayma* : Any thing to serve you, Madam ; I shall refuse no Drudgery : Whose Words were those, Gentleman ? Was that like a Cavalier of Honour ?

Ant. Not very heroick ; but Self-preservation is a Point above Honour and Religion too.—*Antonia* was a Rogue I must confess ; but you must give me leave to love him.

Mor. To beg your Life so basely ; and to present your Sword to your Enemy : Oh Recreant !

Ant. If I had died honourably, my Fame indeed wou'd have sounded loud, but I shou'd never have heard the Blast : Come, don't make your self worse-natur'd than you are ; to save my Life, you wou'd be content I shou'd promise any thing.

Mor. Yes, if I were sure you wou'd perform nothing.

Ant. Can you suspect I would leave you for *Jobayma* ?

Mor. No, but I can expect you wou'd have both of us : Love is covetous, I must have all of you ; Heart for Heart is an equal Truck : In short, I am younger ; I think handsomer, and am sure I love you better ; she has been my Step-Mother these fifteen Years : You think that's her Face you see, but 'tis only a daub'd Vizard : She wears an Armour of Proof upon't ; an Inch thick of Paint, besides the Wash : Her Face is so fortify'd, that you can make no Approaches to it, without a Shovel. But for her Constancy, I can tell you for your Comfort, she will love till Death, I mean till yours ; for when she has worn you out, she will certainly dispatch you to another World, for fear of telling Tales ; as she has already serv'd three Slaves, your Predecessors of happy Memory in her Favours. She has made my Pious Father a three-pil'd Cuckold to my Knowledge ; and now she wou'd be robbing me of my single Sheep too.

Ant. Pr'ythee prevent her then ; and at least take the Shearing of me first.

Mor.

Mor. No, I'll have a Butcher's Pen'worth of you ; first secure the Carcass, and then take the Fleece into the Bargain.

Ant. Why sure, you did not put your self and me to all this Trouble, for a dry Come-off ; by this Hand—

[Taking it.
Mor. Which you shall never touch, but upon better Assurances than you imagine. [Pulling her Hand away.

Ant. I'll marry thee, and make a Christian of thee, thou pretty damn'd Infidel.

Mor. I mean you shall ; but no Earnest, till the Bargain be made before Witness ; there's Love enough to be had, and as much as you can turn you to, never doubt, but all upon honourable Terms.

Ant. I vow and swear by Love ; and he's a Deity in all Religions.

Mor. But never to be trusted in any : he has another Name too, of a worse Sound. Shall I trust an Oath, when I see your Eyes languishing, your Cheeks flushing, and can hear your Heart throbbing ? No, I'll not come near you : He's a foolish Physician, who will feel the Pulse of a Patient, that has the Plague-spots upon him.

Ant. Did one ever hear a little Moppet argue so perversely against so good a Cause ! Come, prithee let me anticipate a little of my Revenue.

Mor. You wou'd fain be fingering your Rents beforehand ; but that makes a Man an ill Husband ever after. Consider, Marriage is a painful Vocation, as you shall prove it : manage your Incomes as thriftily as you can, you shall find a hard Task on't to make even at the Year's End, and yet to live decently.

Ant. I came with a Christian Intention to revenge myself upon thy Father, for being the Head of a false Religion.

Mor. And so you shall : I offer you his Daughter for your Second : but since you are so pressing, meet me under my Window to morrow Night, Body for Body, about this Hour ; I'll slip down out of my Lodging, and bring my Father in my Hand.

Ant. How, thy Father !

Mor.

Mor. I mean all that's good of him ; his Pearls, and Jewels, his whole Contents, his Heart and Soul ; as much as ever I can carry ! I'll leave him his Alcoran ; that's Revenue enough for him : Every Page of it is Gold and Diamonds. He has the Turn of an Eye, a demure Smile, and a godly Cant, that are worth Millions to him. I forgot to tell you, that I will have a Slave prepar'd at the Postern Gate, with two Horses ready saddled : No more, for I fear I may be mis'd ; and think I hear 'em calling for me——if you have Constancy and Courage——

Ant. Never doubt it : And Love in abundance, to wander with thee all the World over.

Mor. The value of twelve hundred thousand Crowns in a Casket !——

Ant. A heavy Burden, Heaven knows ! but we must pray for Patience to support it.

Mor. Besides a willing Titt that will venture her Corps with you : —— Come, I know you long to have a parting Blow with me ; and therefore to shew I am in Charity —— *[He kisses her.]*

Ant. Once more for Pity ; that I may keep the Flavour upon my Lips till we meet again.

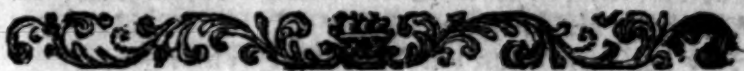
Mor. No ; frequent Charities make bold Beggars : And besides I have learnt of a Falconer, never to feed up a Hawk when I wou'd have him fly : That's enough——but if you wou'd be nibbling, here's a Hand to stay your Stomach. *[Kissing her Hand.]*

Ant. Thus conquer'd Infidels, that Wars may cease, Are forc'd to give their Hands, and sign the Peace.

Mor. Thus Christians are outwitted by the Foe ; You had her in your Pow'r, and let her go. If you release my Hand, the Fault's not mine ; You shou'd have made me Seal as well as Sign.

[She runs off, he follows her to the Door ; then comes back again, and goes out at the other.]





ACT IV. SCENE I.

Benducar's Palace in the Castle of Alcazar.

Bend. MY future Fate, the Colour of my Life,
[*Salus.*

My All depends on this important Hour :
This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales,
And Heav'n, perhaps, is doubting what to do.
Almeyda and a Crown, have push'd me forward :
'Tis fix'd, the Tyrant must not ravish her :
He and *Sebastian* stand betwixt my Hopes :
He most ; and therefore first to be dispatch'd.
These and a thousand Things are to be done
In the short Compass of this rowling Night,
And nothing yet perform'd,
None of my Emissaries yet return'd.

Enter Haly—First Servant.

Oh *Haly*, thou hast held me long in pain.
What hast thou learnt of *Dorax* ? is he dead ?

Haly. Two Hours I warily have watch'd his Palace ;
All Doors are shut, no Servant peeps abroad ;
Some Officers with striding Haste pass'd in,
While others outward went on quick Dispatch ;
Sometimes hush'd Silence seem'd to reign within ;
Then Cries confus'd, and a joint Clamour follow'd ;
Then Lights went gliding by, from Room to Room,
And shot like thwarting Meteors cross the House.
Not daring further to enquire, I came
With speed, to bring you this imperfect News.

Bend. Hence I conclude him either dead or dying :
His mournful Friends, summon'd to take their Leaves,
Are throng'd about his Couch, and sit in Council.
What those caballing Captains may design,
I must prevent, by being first in Action.

To

To *Muley-Zeydan* fly with speed, desire him
 To take my last Instructions; tell th^e Importance,
 And haste his Presence here. [Exit *Haly*.
 How has this Poison lost its wonted Way?
 It should have burnt its Passage, not have linger'd
 In the blind Labyrinths and crooked Turnings
 Of human Composition; now it moves
 Like a slow Fire that works against the Wind,
 As if his stronger Stars had interpos'd.

Enter *Hamet*.

Well *Hamet*, are our Friends the Rabble rais'd?
 From *Mustapha* what Message?

Ham. What you wish:

The Streets are thicker in this Noon of Night,
 Than at the Mid-day Sun: A drouzy Horror
 Sits on their Eyes, like Fear not well awake:
 All croud in heaps, as at a Night-alarm
 The Bees drive out upon each others Backs,
 T'imbofs their Hives in Clusters; all ask News:
 Their busy Captain runs the weary Round
 To whisper Orders; and commanding Silence,
 Makes not Noise cease, but deafens it to Murmurs.

Bend. Night wastes apace: When, when will he ap-

Ham. He only waits your Summons. [pear?

Bend. Haste their Coming.

Let Secrecy and Silence be enjoind
 In their close March: What News from the Lieutenant?

Ham. I left him at the Gate, firm to your Interest,
 T'admit the Townsmen at their first Appearance.

Bend. Thus far 'tis well: Go hasten *Mustapha*.

[Exit *Hamet*.

Enter *Orchan*, the third Servant.

O, *Orchan*, did I think thy Diligence
 Wou'd lag behind the rest? what from the *Musti*?

Orc. I sought him round his Palace; made enquiry
 Of all the Slaves: in short I used your Name,
 And urg'd th^e Importance home; but had for answer,
 That since the Shut of Evening none had seen him.

Bend. O the curse Fate of all Conspiracies!
 They move on many Springs; if one but fail,

The

The restiff Machine stops — In an ill Hour he's absent ;
 'Tis the first Time, and sure will be the last
 That e'er a *Musti* was not in the way,
 When Tumults and Rebellion shou'd be broach'd.
 Stay by me ; thou art resolute and faithful ;
 I have Employment worthy of thy Arm. [*Walks.*]

Enter Muley-Zeydan.

Mul. Zeyd. You see me come impatient of my Hopes,
 And eager as the Courser for the Race :
 Is all in readiness ?

Bend. All but the *Musti*.

Mul. Zeyd. We must go on without him.

Bend. True we must ;
 For 'tis ill stopping in the full Career,
 Howe'er the Leap be dangerous and wide.

Orc. [*Looking out.*] I see the Blaze of Torches from
 And hear the trampling of thick-beating Feet : [*afar*]
 This way they move.

Bend. No doubt, the Emperor.
 We must not be surpriz'd in Conference.
 Trust to my Management the Tyrant's Death ;
 And haste your self to join with *Mustapha*.
 The Officer who guards the Gate is yours :
 When you have gain'd that Pass, divide your Forces ;
 Your self in Person head one chosen Half,
 And march t'oppress the Faction in Consult
 With dying *Dorax* : Fate has driven 'em all
 Into the Net : You must be bold and sudden :
 Spare none, and if you find him struggling yet
 With Pangs of Death, trust not his rowling Eyes
 And heaving Gasps ; for Poison may be false,
 The home Thrust of a friendly Sword is sure. [*priz'd*]

Mul. Zeyd. Doubt not my Conduct : They shall be sur-
 Mercy may wait without the Gate one Night,
 At Morn I'll take her in —

Bend. Here lies your Way,
 You meet your Brother there.

Mul. Zeyd. May we ne'er meet ;
 For like the Twins of *Leda*, when I mount,
 He gallops down the Skies — [*Exit Mul. Zeyd.*]

Bend.

Bend. He comes ; Now Heart
Be ribb'd with Iron for this one Attempt ;
Set ope thy Sluices, send the vigorous Blood
Through every Active Limb for my Relief :
Then take thy Rest within thy quiet Cell,
For thou shalt drum no more.

Enter Emperor and Guards attending him.

Emp. What News of our Affairs, and what of *Dorax* ?
Is he no more ? say that, and make me happy.

Bend. May all your Enemies be like that Dog,
Whose parting Soul is labouring at the Lips.

Emp. The People, are they rais'd ?

Bend. And marshall'd too ;
Just ready for the March.

Emp. Then I'm at ease.

Bend. The Night is yours, the glittering Host of Heav'n
Shines but for you ; but most the Star of Love,
That twinkles you to fair *Almeyda's* Bed.
Oh there's a Joy, to melt in her Embrace,
Dissolve in Pleasure ;
And make the Gods curse Immortality,
That so they cou'd not die.
But haste, and make 'em yours.

Emp. I will ; and yet
A kind of Weight hangs heavy at my Heart ;
My flagging Soul flies under her own Pitch ;
Like Fowl in Air too damp, and lugs along,
As if she were a Body in a Body,
And not a mounting Substance made of Fire.
My Senses too are dull and stupify'd,
Their Edge rebated ; sure some Ill approaches,
And some kind Spright knocks softly at my Soul,
To tell me Fate's at hand.

Bend. Mere Fancies all.
Your Soul has been before-hand with your Body,
And drunk so deep a Draught of promis'd Bliss,
She slumbers o'er the Cup ; no Danger's near,
But of a Surfeit at too full a Feast.

Emp. It may be so ; it looks so like the Dream
That overtook me at my waking Hour,

This

This Morn; and Dreams they say are then divine,
When all the balmy Vapours are exhal'd,
And some o'erpow'ring God continues Sleep.'

'Twas then methought *Almeida*, smiling, came
Attended with a Train of all her Race,
Whom in the Rage of Empire I had murder'd.
But now, no longer Foes they gave me Joy
Of my new Conquest, and with helping Hands
Heav'd me into our Holy Prophet's Arms,
Who bore me in a purple Cloud to Heav'n.

Bend. Good Omen, Sir; I wish you in that Heav'n
Your Dreams portends you,
Which presages Death—— [Aside.

Emp. Thou too wert there;
And thou methought didst push me from below,
With thy full Force to Paradise.

Bend. Yet better.

Emp. Hah! what's that grizly Fellow that attends

Bend. Why ask you, Sir? [thee?

Emp. For he was in my Dream;
And help'd to heave me up.

Bend. With Prayers and Wishes;
For I dare swear him honest.

Emp. That may be;
But yet he looks Damnation.

Bend. You forget
The Face wou'd please you better: Do you love,
And can you thus forbear?

Emp. I'll head my People;
Then think of Dalliance when the Danger's o'er.
My warlike Spirits work now another way;
And my Soul's tun'd to Trumpets.

Bend. You debase your self,
To think of mixing with th'ignoble Herd.
Let such perform the servile Work of War,
Such who have no *Almeida* to enjoy.
What, shall the People know their God-like Prince
Skulk'd in a nightly Skirmish? Stole a Conquest,
Headed a Rabble, and profan'd his Person,
Shoulder'd with Filth, born in a Tide of Ordure,

And

And stifled with their rank offensive Sweat?

Emp. I am off again : I will not prostitute
The Regal Dignity so far, to head 'em.

Bend. There spoke a King.

Dismiss your Guards to be employ'd elsewhere
In ruder Combats : You will want no Seconds
In those Alarms you seek.

Emp. Go join the Croud ;

[To the Guards.

Benducar, thou shalt lead 'em in my Place. [*Ex. Guards.*
The God of Love once more has shot his Fires
Into my Soul ; and my whole Heart receives him.

Almeyda now returns with all her Charms ;
I feel her as she glides along my Veins,
And dances in my Blood : So when our Prophet
Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely Cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious Paradise,
A brisk *Arabian* Girl came tripping by ;
Passing she cast at him a side-long Glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursu'd :
He took the Hint, embrae'd the flying Fair ;
And having found his Heav'n, he fix'd it there.

[Exit *Emp.*

Bend. That Paradise thou never shalt possess.
His Death is easy now, his Guards are gone ;
And I can sin but once to seize the Throne.
All After-acts are sanctify'd by Power.

Orc. Command my Sword and Life.

Bend. I thank thee *Orchan*,
And shall reward thy Faith : This Master-Key
Frees every Lock, and leads us to his Person :
And shou'd we miss our Blow, as Heav'n forbid,
Secures Retreat : Leave open all behind us ;
And first set wide the *Musti's* Garden Gate,
Which is his private Passage to the Palace :
For there our Mutineers appoint to meet,
And thence we may have Aid. Now sleep ye Stars,
That silently o'erwatch the Fate of Kings ;
Be all propitious Influences barr'd,
And none but murd'rous Planets mount the Guard.

[Exit with *Orchan.*

A Night SCENE of the Mufti's Garden.

Enter the Mufti alone, in a Slave's Habit, like that of Antonio.

Muf. This 'tis to have a sound Head-piece; by this I have got to be chief of my Religion; that is, honestly speaking, to teach others what I neither know nor believe my self. For what's *Mabomet* to me, but that I get by him? Now for my Policy of this Night: I have mew'd up my suspected Spouse in her Chamber. No more Embassies to that lusty young Stallion of a Gard'ner. Next, my Habit of a Slave; I have made my self as like him as I can, all but his Youth and Vigour; which when I had, I pass'd my Time as well as any of my Holy Predecessors. Now, walking under the Windows of my *Se-raglio*: If *Jobayma* look out, she will certainly take me for *Antonio*, and call to me; and by that I shall know what Concupiscence is working in her; she cannot come down to commit Iniquity, there's my Safety; but if she peep, if she put her Nose abroad, there's Demonstration of her pious Will: And I'll not make the first Precedent for a Church-man to forgive Injuries.

Enter Morayma running to him with a Casket in her Hand, and embracing him.

Mor. Now I can embrace you with a good Conscience; here are the Pearls and Jewels, here's my Father.

Muf. I am indeed thy Father; but how the Devil didst thou know me in this Disguise? And what Pearls and Jewels dost thou mean?

Mor. [Going back.] — What have I done, and what will now become of me!

Muf. Art thou mad, *Morayma*?

Mor. I think you'll make me so.

Muf. Why, what have I done to thee? Recollect thy self; and speak Sense to me.

Mor. Then give me leave to tell you, you are the worst of Fathers.

Muf. Did I think I had begotten such a Monster? Proceed my dutiful Child, proceed, proceed.

Mor.

Mor. You have been raking together a Mass of Wealth, by indirect and wicked Means: the Spoils of Orphans are in these Jewels, and the Tears of Widows in these Pearls.

Muf. Thou amazest me!

Mor. I wou'd do so. This Casket is loaded with your Sins; 'tis the Cargo of Rapines, Simony, and Extortions; the Iniquity of thirty Years Mustiship converted into Diamonds.

Muf. Would some rich railing Rogue would say as much to me, that I might squeeze his Purse for Scandal.

Mor. No, Sir, you get more by pious Fools than Railers, when you insinuate into their Families, manage their Fortunes while they live, and beggar their Heirs by getting Legacies, when they die. And do you think I'll be the Receiver of your Theft? I discharge my Conscience of it: Here take again your filthy Mammon, and restore it, you had best, to the true Owners.

Muf. I am finely documented by my own Daughter:

Mor. And a great Credit for me to be so: Do but think how decent a Habit you have on, and how becoming your Function to be disguis'd like a Slave, and Eves-dropping under the Women's Windows, to be saluted, as you deserve it richly, with a Piss-pot. If I had not known you casually by your shambling Gate, and a certain Reverend Aukwardness that is natural to all of your Function, here you had been expos'd to the Laughter of your own Servants; who have been in search of you thro' the whole Seraglio, peeping under every Petticoat to find you.

Muf. Pr'ythee Child reproach me no more of human Failings; they are but a little of the Pitch and Spots of the World that are still sticking on me; but I hope to scour 'em out in time: I am better at bottom than thou think'st; I am not the Man thou tak'st me for.

Mor. No, to my Sorrow, Sir, you are not.

Muf. It was a very odd Beginning tho' methought, to see thee come running in upon me with such a warm Embrace;

Embrace; prithee what was the Meaning of that violent hot Hug?

Mor. I am sure I meant nothing by it, but the Zeal and Affection which I bear to the Man of the World, whom I may love lawfully.

Muf. But thou wilt not teach me at this Age the Nature of a close Embrace?

Mor. No, indeed: for my Mother-in-law complains, that you are past teaching: But if you mistook my innocent Embrace for Sin, I wish heartily it had been given where it would have been more acceptable.

Muf. Why this is as it should be now: Take the Treasure again, it can never be put into better Hands.

Mor. Yes to my Knowledge but it might. I have confess'd my Soul to you, if you can understand me rightly; I never disobey'd you till this Night; and now since through the Violence of my Passion, I have been so unfortunate, I humbly beg your Pardon, your Blessing, and your Leave, that upon the first Opportunity I may go for ever from your Sight; for Heav'n knows, I never desire to see you more.

Muf. [*Wiping his Eyes.*] Thou mak'st me weep at thy Unkindness, indeed, dear Daughter, we will not part.

Mor. Indeed, dear Daddy, but we will.

Muf. Why, if I have been a little pilfering, or so, I take it bitterly of thee to tell me of it; since it was to make thee rich; and I hope a Man may make bold with his own Soul, without Offence to his own Child: Here take the Jewels again, take 'em I charge thee upon thy Obedience.

Mor. Well then, in virtue of Obedience I will take 'em; but on my Soul, I had rather they were in a better Hand.

Muf. Meaning mine I know it.

Mor. Meaning his whom I love better than my Life.

Muf. That's me again.

Mor. I would have you think so.

Muf. How thy good Nature works upon me; well, I can do no less than venture Damning for thee, and I may put fair for it, if the Rabble be order'd to rise to Night.

Enter Antonio in an African rich Habit.

Ant. What do you mean, my Dear, to stand talking in this suspicious Place, just underneath *Johayma's* Window? [*To the Mufti.*] You are well met Comrade, I know you are the Friend of our Flight; are the Horses ready at the Postern Gate?

Muf. Antonio, and in disguise? now I begin to smell a Rat.

Ant. And I another, that out-stinks it; false *Morayma*, hast thou thus betray'd me to thy Father!

Mor. Alas, I was betray'd my self: He came disguis'd like you, and I poor Innocent ran into his Hands.

Muf. In good time you did so; I laid a Trap for a Bitch Fox, and a worse Vermine has caught himself in it: You wou'd fain break loose now, though you left a Limb behind you; but I am yet in my own Territories and in call of Company, that's my Comfort.

Ant. [*Taking him by the Throat.*] No; I have a Trick left to put thee past thy squeeking: I have give thee the Quinzey; that ungracious Tongue shall preach no more false Doctrine.

Mor. What do you mean? you will not throttle him? consider he's my Father.

Ant. Prithee let us provide first for our own Safety; if I do not consider him, he will consider us with a Vengeance afterwards.

Mor. You may threaten him for crying out, but for my sake give him back a little Cranny of his Windpipe, and some Part of Speech.

Ant. Not so much as one single Interjection: Come away Father-in-law, this is no Place for Dialogues; when you are in the Mosque you talk by Hours, and there no Man must interrupt you; this is but like for like, good Father-in-law; now I am in the Pulpit, 'tis your Turn to hold your Tongue. [*He struggles.*] Nay if you will be hanging back, I shall take care you shall hang forward.

[*Pulls him along the Stage with his Sword at his Reins.*]

Mor. T'other way to the Arbour with him; and make haste before we are discover'd.

Ant.

Ant. If I only bind and gag him there, he may commend me hereafter for civil Usage; he deserves not so much favour by any Action of his Life.

Mor. Yes, pray bate him one, for begetting your Mistress.

Ant. I would, if he had not thought more of thy Mother than of thee; once more come along in silence, my Pythagorean Father-in-Law.

Job. [*At the Balcony.*] ——— A Bird in a Cage may peep at least, tho' she must not fly; what Bustle's there beneath my Window? *Antonio* by all my Hopes, I know him by his Habit; but what makes that Woman with him, and a Friend, a Sword drawn, and hasting hence? this is no time for Silence: Who's within? call there, where are the Servants? why *Omar*, *Abedin*, *Hassan*, and the rest, make haste and run into the Garden; there are Thieves and Villains; arm all the Family, and stop 'em.

Ant. [*Turning back.*] O that Screech Owl at the Window! we shall be pursu'd immediately; which way shall we take?

Mor. [*Giving him the Casket.*] 'Tis impossible to escape them: for the way to our Houses lies back again by the House; and then we shall meet 'em full in the Teeth: here take these Jewels: thou mayst leap the Walls and get away.

Ant. And what will become of thee then, poor kind Soul?

Mor. I must take my Fortune; when you are got safe into your own Country, I hope you will bestow a Sigh on the Memory of her who lov'd you.

Ant. It makes me mad, to think how many a good Night will be lost betwixt us! take back thy Jewels; 'tis an empty Casket without thee; besides, I should never leap well with the Weight of all thy Father's Sins about me; thou and they had been a Bargain.

Mor. Prithee take 'em, 'twill help me to be reveng'd on him.

Ant. No; they'll serve to make thy Peace with him.

Mor. I hear 'em coming: shift for your self at least; remember I am yours for ever.

[*Servants crying, this way, this way, behind the Scenes.*]

Ant. And I but the empty Shadow of my self without thee! Farewell Father-in-Law, that shou'd have been, if I had not been curst in my Mother's Belly ——— Now which way Fortune? ———

[*Runs amazedly backwards and forwards.*]

[*Servants within, Follow, follow, yonder are the Villains.*]

Ant. O here's a Gate open; but it leads into the Castle; yet I must venture it.

[*Going out,*]

[*A Shout behind the Scenes where Antonio is going out.*]

Ant. There's the Rabble in a Mutiny; what is the Devil up at Midnight! ——— However 'tis good herding in a Croud.

[*Runs out.*]

[*Mufti runs to Morayma, and lays hold on her, then snatches away the Casket.*]

Muf. Now, to do things in order, first I seize upon the Bag, and then upon the Baggage: for thou art but my Flesh and Blood, but these are my Life and Soul.

Mor. Then let me follow my Flesh and Blood, and keep to your self your Life and Soul.

Muf. Both or none, come away to Durance.

Mor. Well if it must be so, agreed, for I have another Trick to play you; and thank yourself for what shall follow.

Enter Servants.

Job. [From above.] One of them took through the private way into the Castle; follow him be sure, for these are yours already.

Mor. Help here quickly, Omar, Abedin; I have hold on the Villain that stole my Jewels; but 'tis a lusty Rogue, and he will prove too strong for me; what! help I say, do you not know your Master's Daughter?

Muf. Now if I cry out, they will know my Voice; and then I am disgrac'd for ever: O thou art a venomous Cockatrice!

Mor. Of your own Beggetting. [The Servants seize him.]

1 Serv. What a glorious Deliverance have you had, Madam, from this bloody-minded Christian!

Mor.

Mor. Give me back my Jewels, and carry this notorious Malefactor to be punish'd by my Father.

I'll hunt the other dry-foot.

[Takes the Jewels, and runs out after Antonio at the same Passage.]

1 *Serv.* I long to be handselling his Hide, before we bring him to my Master.

2 *Serv.* Hang him for an old covetous Hypocrite: he deserves a worse Punishment himself for keeping us so hardly.

1 *Serv.* Ay, wou'd he were in this Villain's place: thus I wou'd lay him on, and thus. *[Beats him.]*

2 *Serv.* And thus wou'd I revenge my self of my last Beating. *[He beats him too, and then the rest.]*

Muf. Oh! ho, ho!

1 *Serv.* Now supposing you were the *Musti*, Sir. — *[Beats him again.]*

Muf. The Devil's in that supposing Rascal; I can bear no more; and I am the *Musti*: Now suppose yourselves my Servants, and hold your Hands: an anointed Halter take you all.

1 *Serv.* My Master! you will pardon the Excess of our Zeal for you, Sir; indeed we all took you for a Villain, and so we us'd you.

Muf. Ay, so I feel you did; my Back and Sides are abundant Testimonies of your Zeal. Run Rogues, and bring me back my Jewels, and my fugitive Daughter: run, I say.

[They run to the Gate, and the first Servant runs back again.]

1 *Serv.* Sir, the Castle is in a most terrible Combustion; you may hear 'em hither.

Muf. 'Tis a laudable Commotion: the Voice of the Mobile is the Voice of Heaven. I must retire a little, to strip me of the Slave, and to assume the *Musti*; and then I will return: for the Piety of the People must be encouraged; that they may help me to recover my Jewels and my Daughter. *[Exit Musti and Servants:]*

The SCENE changes to the Castle-Yard,

And discovers Antonio, Mustapha, and the Rabble shouting: They come forward.

Ant. And so at length, as I inform'd you, I scap'd out of his covetous Clutches; and now fly to your illustrious Feet for my Protection.

Must. Thou shalt have it, and now defy the *Musti*. 'Tis the first Petition that has been made to me since my Exaltation to Tumult; in this second Night of the Month *Abib*, and in the Year of the *Hegira*; —the Lord knows what Year; but 'tis no matter: for when I am settled, the Learned are bound to find it out for me: for I am resolv'd to date my Authority over the Rabble like other Monarchs.

Ant. I have always had a Longing to be yours again; tho' I could not compass it before, and had design'd you a Casket of my Master's Jewels too; for I knew the Custom, and wou'd not have appear'd before a Great Person, as you are, without a Present; but he has defrauded my good Intentions, and basely robb'd you of 'em: 'tis a Prize worthy a Million of Crowns, and you carry your Letters of Marque about you.

Must. I shall make bold with his Treasure, for the Support of my new Government. [*The People gather about him.*]

What do these vile Raggamuffins so near our Person? your Savour is offensive to us; bear back there, and make room for Honest Men to approach us; these Fools and Knaves are always impudently crouding next to Princes, and keeping off the more deserving; bear back, I say. [*They make a wider Circle.*]

That's dutifully done! now shout to shew your Loyalty. [*A great Shout.*] Hear'st thou that, Slave Antonio? these obstreperous Villains shout, and know not for what they make a Noise. You shall see me manage 'em, that you may judge what ignorant Beasts they are. For whom do you shout now? Who's to live and reign? tell me that, the wisest of you.

1 Rabble. Even who you please, Captain.

Must.

Must. La you there ; I told you so.

2 Rabble. We are not bound to know who is to live and reign ; our Business is only to rise upon Command, and plunder.

3 Rabble. Ay, the richest of both Parties ; for they are our Enemies.

Must. This last Fellow is a little more sensible than the rest ; he has enter'd somewhat into the Merits of the Cause.

1 Rabble. If a poor Man may speak his Mind, I think, Captain, that your self are the fittest to Live and Reign, I mean not over, but next and immediately under the People ; and thereupon I say, *A Mustapha, A Mustapha !*

[*All cry, A Mustapha, A Mustapha !*

Must. I must confess the Sound is pleasing, and tickles the Ears of my Ambition ; but alas, good People, it must not be ! I am contented to be a poor simple Viceroy ; but Prince *Muley-Zeydan* is to be the Man : I shall take care to instruct him in the Arts of Government, and in his Duty to us all : and therefore mark my Cry, *A Muley Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan !*

[*All cry, A Muley-Zeydan, A Muley-Zeydan !*

Must. You see, Slave *Antonio*, what I might have been.

Ant. I observe your Modesty.

Must. But for a foolish Promise I made once to my Lord *Benducar*, to set up any one he pleas'd.

Re-enter the Musti with his Servants.

Ant. Here's the old Hypocrite again ; now stand your ground, and bate him not an inch. Remember the Jewels, the rich and glorious Jewels ; they are design'd to be yours, by virtue of Prerogative.

Must. Let me alone to pick a Quarrel, I have an old Grudge to him upon thy account.

Maf. [*Making up to the Mobile.*] Good People, here you are met together.

1 Rabble. Ay, we know that without your telling ; but why are we met together, Doctor ? for that's it which no body here can tell.

2 Rabble. Why to see one another in the dark ; and to make Holiday at Midnight.

Muf. You are met as becomes good Musulmen, to settle the Nation ; for I must tell you, that tho' your Tyrant is a lawful Emperor, yet your lawful Emperor is but a Tyrant

Ant. What Stuff he talks !

Muf. 'Tis excellent fine Matter, indeed, Slave *Antonio* ; he has a rare Tongue ; Oh, he wou'd move a Rock or Elephant !

Ant. [*Aside.*] What a Block have I to work upon ! But still remember the Jewels, Sir, the Jewels. [*To him.*

Muf. Nay that's true on th'other side : the Jewels must be mine ; but he has a pure fine way of Talking ; my Conscience goes along with him, but the Jewels have set my Heart against him.

Muf. That your Emperor is a Tyrant is most manifest ; for you were born to be *Turks*, but he has play'd the *Turk* with you ; and is taking your Religion away.

2 *Rabble.* We find that in our Decay of Trade : I have seen for these hundred Years, that Religion and Trade always go together.

Muf. He is now upon the point of marrying himself, without your Sovereign Consent ; and what are the Effects of Marriage ?

3 *Rabble.* A scolding domineering Wife, if she prove honest ; and if a Whore, a fine gaudy Minx, that robs our Counters every Night, and then goes out, and spends it upon our Cuckold-makers.

Muf. No, the natural Effects of Marriage are Children : Now on whom wou'd he beget these Children ? Even upon a Christian ! O horrible ; how can you believe me, tho' I am ready to swear it upon the Alcoran ! Yes, true Believers, you may believe, that he is going to beget a Race of Misbelievers.

Muf. That's fine in earnest ; I cannot forbear hearken- ing to his enchanting Tongue.

Ant. But yet remember——

Muf. Ay, ay, the Jewels ! now again I hate him ; but yet my Conscience makes me listen to him.

Muf. Therefore to conclude all, Believers, pluck up your Hearts, and pluck down the Tyrant : Remember the
Courage

Courage of your Ancestors ; remember the Majesty of the People, remember your selves, your Wives and Children ; and lastly, above all, remember your Religion, and our holy *Mabomet* ; all these require your timous Assistance ; shall I say they beg it ? No, they claim it of you, by all the nearest and dearest Tyes of these three P's, Self-Preservation, our Property, and our Prophet. Now answer me with an unanimous chearful Cry, and follow me, who am your Leader, to a glorious Deliverance.

[*All cry, A Musti, A Musti ! and are following him off the Stage.*

Ant. Now you see what comes of your foolish Qualms of Conscience : The Jewels are lost, and they are all leaving you.

Must. What, am I forsaken of my Subjects ? Wou'd the Rogue purloin my liege People from me ! I charge you in my own Name come back ye Deserters, and hear me speak.

1. *Rabble.* What, will he come with his Balderdash, after the *Musti's* eloquent Oration ?

2. *Rabble.* He's our Captain, lawfully pick'd up and elected upon a Stall ; we will hear him.

Omnes. Speak, Captain, for we will hear you.

Must. Do you remember the glorious Rapines and Robberies you have committed ? your breaking open and gutting of Houses, your rummaging of Cellars, your demolishing of Christian Temples, and bearing off in Triumph the superstitious Plate and Pictures, the Ornaments of their wicked Altars, when all rich Movable were sentenc'd for Idolatrous, and all that was Idolatrous was seiz'd ? Answer first for your Remembrance, of all these Sweetnesses of Mutiny ; for upon those Grounds I shall proceed.

Omnes. Yes, we do remember, we do remember.

Must. Then make much of your retentive Faculties. And who led you to those Honey-Combs ? Your *Musti* ? No, Believers, he only preach'd you up to it, but durst not lead you ; he was but your Counsellor, but I was your Captain ; he only loo'd you, but 'twas I. that led you.

Omnes. That's true, that's true.

Ant. There you were with him for his Figures.

Must. I think I was, Slave *Antonio*. Alas I was ignorant of my own Talent— Say then, Believers, will you have a Captain for your *Musti*? Or a *Musti* for your Captain? And further to instruct you how to cry, Will you have a *Musti*, or no *Musti*?

Omnes. No *Musti*, no *Musti*.

Must. That I laid in for 'em, Slave *Antonio*.—

Do I then spit upon your Faces? do I discourage Rebellion, Mutiny, Rapine, and Plund'ring? You may think I do, Believers, but Heav'n forbid: No, I encourage you to all these laudable Undertakings; you shall plunder, you shall pull down the Government; but you shall do this upon my Authority, and not by his wicked Instigation.

3. *Rabble.* Nay, when his Turn is serv'd, he may preach up Loyalty again, and Restitution; that he might have another Snack among us.

1. *Rabble.* He may indeed; for 'tis but his saying 'tis Sin, and then we must restore; and therefore I wou'd have a new Religion, where half the Commandments shou'd be taken away, the rest mollify'd, and there should be little or no Sin remaining.

Omnes. Another Religion, a new Religion, another Religion.

Must. And that may easily be done, with the help of a little Inspiration: For I must tell you I have a Pigeon at home, of *Mahomet's* own Breed; and when I have learnt her to pick Pease out of my Ear, rest satisfy'd till then, and you shall have another. But now I think on't, I am inspir'd already, that 'tis no Sin to depose the *Musti*.

Ant. And good reason, for when Kings and Queens are to be discarded, what shou'd Knaves do any longer in the Pack?

Omnes. He is depos'd, he is depos'd, he is depos'd.

Must. Nay, if he and his Clergy will needs be preaching up Rebellion, and giving us their Blessing, 'tis but Justice they shou'd have the First-Fruits of it— Slave *Antonio*, take him into Custody; and dost thou hear Boy, be sure to secure the little transitory Box of Jewels; If

he

he be obstinate, put a civil Question to him upon the Rack, and he squeeks I warrant him.

Ant. [Seizing the Musti.] Come my *quondam* Master, you and I must change Qualities.

Muf. I hope you will not be so barbarous to torture me ; we may preach Suffering to others, but alas, holy Flesh is too well pamper'd to endure Martyrdom.

Must. Now, late *Musti*, not forgetting my first Quarrel to you, we will enter ourselves with the Plunder of your Palace : 'tis good to sanctify a Work, and begin a God's Name.

1 Rabble. Our Prophet let the Devil alone with the last Mob.

Mob. But he takes care of this himself.

As they are going out, enter Benducar leading Almeyda :

He with a Sword in one hand ; Benducar's Slave follows, with Muley-Moluch's Head upon a Spear.

Must. Not so much Haste, Masters ; come back again ; you are so bent upon Mischief, that you take a Man upon the first Word of Plunder. Here's a Sight for you ; the Emperor is come upon his Head to visit you. [*Bowing.*] Most Noble Emperor, Now I hope you will not hit us in the Teeth, that we have pull'd you down, for we can tell you to your Face, that we have exalted you.

[*They all shout.*]

Bend. [to Almeyda apart.] Think what I am, and what your self may be,

In being mine : refuse not proffer'd Love,
That brings a Crown.

Alm. [to him.] I have resolv'd,
And these shall know my Thoughts.

Bend. [to her.] On that I build ———

He comes up to the Rabble.

Joy to the People for the Tyrant's Death !
Oppression, Rapine, Banishment, and Blood
Are now no more ; but speechless as that Tongue
That lies for ever still.

How is my Grief divided with my Joy,
When I must own I kill'd him ! Bid me speak,
For not to bid me, is to disallow
What for your sakes is done.

Musti.

Must. In the Name of the People we command you speak : But that pretty Lady shall speak first ; for we have taken somewhat of a liking to her Person. Be not afraid, Lady, to speak to these rude Raggamuffins : There's nothing shall offend you, unless it be their Stink, an't please you. [Making a Leg.]

Alm. Why shou'd I fear to speak, who am your Queen ?
My peaceful Father sway'd the Scepter long ;
And you enjoy'd the Blessings of his Reign,
While you deserv'd the Name of *Africans*.
Then, not commanded, but commanding you,
Fearless I speak : know me for what I am.

Bend. How she assumes ! I like not this Beginning.

[Aside.]

Alm. I was not born so base to flatter Crouds,
And move your Pity by a whining Tale :
Your Tyrant wou'd have fore'd me to his Bed ;
But in th' Attempt of that foul Brutal Act,
These loyal Slaves secur'd me by his Death.

[Pointing to Bend.]

Bend. Makes she no more of me than of a Slave ?

[Aside.]

Madam, I thought I had instructed you [To Almeyda.]
To frame a Speech more suiting to the Times :
The Circumstances of that dire Design,
Your own Despair, my unexpected Aid,
My Life endanger'd by his bold Defence,
And after all, his Death, and your Deliverance,
Were Themes that ought not to be slighted o'er.

Must. She might have pass'd over all your petty Businesses, and no great matter : But the raising of my Rabble is an Exploit of Consequence ; and not to be mumbled up in Silence, for all her Pertness.

Alm. When Force invades the Gift of Nature, Life,
The eldest Law of Nature, bids defend :
And if in that Defence a Tyrant fall,
His Death's his Crime, not ours.
Suffice it that he's dead : all Wrongs die with him :
When he can wrong no more, I pardon him :
Thus I absolve my self ; and him excuse,
Who sav'd my Life and Honour, but praise neither.

Bend.

Bend. 'Tis cheap to pardon, whom you would not pay :
But what speak I of Payment and Reward !
Ungrateful Woman, you are yet no Queen,
Nor more than a proud haughty Christian Slave :
As such I seize my Right. [*Going to lay hold of her.*

Alm. [*drawing a Dagger.*] Dare not to approach me ;
Now *Africans*,

He shows himself to you ; to me he stood
Confess'd before, and own'd his Insolence
T' espouse my Person, and assume the Crown,
Claim'd in my Right : for this he slew your Tyrant,
Oh no, he only chang'd him for a worse ;
Embas'd your Slavery by his own Vileness,
And loaded you with more ignoble Bonds :
Then think me not ungrateful, not to share,
Th' imperial Crown with a presuming Traitor.
He says I am a Christian ; true I am,
But yet no Slave : If Christians can be thought
Unfit to govern those of other Faith,
'Tis left for you to judge.

Bend. I have not Patience ; she consumes the Time
In idle Talk, and owns her false Belief :
Seize her by Force, and bear her hence unheard.

Alm. [*to the People.*] No, let me rather die your Sa-
Than live his Triumph ; (crifice,
I throw my self into my Peoples Arms ;
As you are Men, compassionate my Wrongs,
And as good Men protect me.

Ant. Something must be done to save her.
[*aside to Must.*] This is all address'd to you, Sir : She
singled you out with her Eye, as Commander in chief
of the Mobility.

Must. Think'st thou so, Slave *Antonio* ?

Ant. Most certainly, Sir, and you cannot in Honour
but protect her ; now look to your hits, and make your
Fortune.

Must. Methought indeed she cast a kind Leer towards
me : Our Prophet was but just such another Scoundrel
as I am, till he rais'd himself to Power, and consequent-
ly to Holiness, by marrying his Master's Widow : I am
resolv'd I'll put forward for my self : for why shou'd I
be

be my Lord *Benducar's* Fool and Slave, when I may be my own Fool and his Master?

Bend. Take her into Possession, *Mustapha*.

Must. That's better Counsel than you meant it: Yes, I do take her into Possession, and into Protection too: What say you, Masters, will you stand by me?

Omnes. One and all; one and all.

Bend. Hast thou betray'd me, Traitor? *Musti*, Speak, and mind 'em of Religion. [*Musti shakes his Head.*]

Must. Alas, the poor Gentleman has gotten a Cold with a Sermon of two Hours long, and a Prayer of four; and besides, if he durst speak, Mankind is grown wiser at this time of Day than to cut one another's Throats about Religion. Our *Musti's* is a green Coat, and the Christian's is a black Coat; and we must wisely go together by the Ears, whether green or black shall wipe our Spoils. [*Drums within, and Shouts.*]

Bend. Now we shall see whose Numbers will prevail: The conquering Troops of *Muley-Zeydan* come, To crush Rebellion, and espouse my Cause.

Must. We will have a fair Trial of Skill for't, I can tell him that. When we have dispatch'd with *Muley-Zeydan*, your Lordship shall march in equal Proportions of your Body, to the four Gates of the City, and every Tower shall have a Quarter of you.

[*Antonio draws them up, and takes Alm. by the Hand. Shouts again, and Drums.*]

Enter Dorax and Sebastian attended by African Soldiers and Portugueses. Almeyda and Sebastian run into each other's Arms, and both speak together.

Seb. and Alm. My Sebastian! My Almeyda?

Alm. Do you then live?

Seb. And live to love thee ever.

Bend. How! *Dorax* and *Sebastian* still alive! The Moors and Christians join'd! I thank thee, Prophet.

Dor. The Citadel is ours; and *Muley-Zeydan* Safe under Guard, but as becomes a Prince. Lay down your Arms: Such base Plebeian Blood Wou'd only stain the Brightness of my Sword, And blunt it for some nobler Work behind.

Must.

Mus. I suppose you may put it up without offence to any Man here present. For my Part, I have been loyal to my Sovereign Lady: tho' that Villain *Benducar*, and that Hypocrite the *Musti*, would have corrupted me; but if those two 'scape publick Justice, then I and all my late honest Subjects here deserve Hanging.

Bend. [*To Dor.*] I'm sure I did my Part to poison thee, What Saint soe'er has fodder'd thee again:
A Dose less hot had burst thro' Ribs of Iron.

Mus. Not knowing that, I poison'd him once more, And drench'd him with a Draught so deadly cold, That, hadst not thou prevented, had congeal'd The Channel of his Blood; and froze him dry.

Bend. Thou interposing Fool, to mangle Mischief, And think to mend the perfect Work of Hell.

Dor. Thus when Heaven pleases, double Poisons cure. I will not tax thee of Ingratitude To me thy Friend, who hast betray'd thy Prince: Death he deserv'd indeed, but not from thee. But Fate, it seems, reserv'd the worst of Men To end the worst of Tyrants.

Go bear him to his Fate, And send him to attend his Master's Ghost. Let some secure my other poisoning Friend, Whose double Diligence preserv'd my Life.

Ant. You are fallen into good Hands, Father-in-Law; your sparkling Jewels, and *Morayma's* Eyes may prove a better Bail than you deserve.

Mus. The best that can come of me, in this Condition, is to have my Life begg'd first, and then to be begg'd for a Fool afterwards.

[*Exit Antonio with the Musti, and at the same time Benducar is carry'd off.*]

Dor. [*to Mus.*] You and your hungry Herd depart un- For Justice cannot stoop so low, to reach [touch'd; The groveling Sin of Crouds; but curst be they Who trust Revenge with such mad Instruments, Whose blindfold Business is but to destroy: And like the Fire commission'd by the Winds, Begins on Sheds, but rowling in a Round,

On

On Palaces returns. Away ye Skum,
That still rise upmost when the Nation boils:
Ye Mongrel Work of Heav'n, with humane Shapes,
Not to be damn'd or sav'd, but breathe and perish,
That have but just enough of Sense, to know
The Master's Voice when rated, to depart.

[*Ex. Mustapha and Rabble.*

Alm. With Gratitude as low, as Knees can pay

[*Kneeling to him.*

To those blest holy Fires, our Guardian Angels,
Receive these Thanks : till Altars can be rais'd.

Dor. Arise fair Excellence, and pay no Thanks,

[*Raising her up.*

Till Time discover what I have deserv'd.

Seb. More than Reward can answer.

If Portugal and Spain were join'd to Africa,

And the main Ocean crusted into Land,

If Universal Monarchy were mine,

Here shou'd the Gift be plac'd.

Dor. And from some Hands I shou'd refuse that Gift :

Be not too prodigal of Promises ;

But stint your Bounty to one only Grant,

Which I can ask with Honour.

Seb. What I am.

Is but thy Gift, make what thou canst of me;

Secure of no Repulse.

Dor. [*to Seb.*] Dismiss your Train.

[*To Alm.*] You, Madam, please one Moment to retire.
Sebastian signs to the Portugueses to go off; Almeyda bow-
ing to him, goes off also: The Africans follow her.

Dor. [*To the Captain of the Guard.*] With you one
Word in private. [*Goes out with the Captain.*

Seb. [*solus.*] Reserv'd Behaviour, open Nobleness,

A long mysterious Track of stern Bounty.

But now the Hand of Fate is on the Curtain;

And draws the Scene to fight.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turbant, and put
on a Peruke, Hat, and Cravat.

Dor. Now do you know me ?

Seb.

Seb. Thou shou'dst be *Alonzo*.

Dor. So you shou'd be *Sebastian* :
But when *Sebastian* ceas'd to be himself,
I ceas'd to be *Alonzo*.

Seb. As in a Dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine Eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my Wrongs,
And your inhuman Tyranny have sent me ?
Think not you dream : or, if you did, my Injuries
Shall call so loud, 'that Lethargy shou'd wake ;
And Death shou'd give you back to answer me.
A thousand Nights have brush'd their balmy Wings
Over these Eyes, but ever when they clos'd,
Your Tyrant Image forc'd 'em ope again,
And dry'd the Dews they brought.
The long-expected Hour is come at length,
By manly Vengeance to redeem my Fame :
And that once clear'd, eternal Sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a King ;
Whose Royal Office is Redress of Wrongs :
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me Face to Face ;
I have not yet forgot I am a Soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first Justice thou hast ever done me ;
Then tho' I loath this Woman's War of Tongues,
Yet shall my Cause of Vengeance first be clear ;
And Honour be thou Judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy Griefs
In Terms becoming Majesty to hear :
I warn thee thus, because I know thy Temper
Is insolent and haughty to Superiors :
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful Court,
Fill'd it with noisy Brawls, and windy Boasts ;
And, with past Service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me thy Prince ?

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot Reward,
The Part of Heav'n in Kings : for Punishment
Is Hangman's Work, and Drudgery for Devils.
I must, and will reproach thee with my Service,
Tyrant (it irks me so to call my Prince.)

But

But just Resentment and hard Usage coin'd
Th' unwilling Word; and grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy Due.

Seb. How, Tyrant!

Dor. Tyrant.

Seb. Traitor; that Name thou canst not echo back:
That Robe of Infamy, that Circumcision
Ill hid beneath that Robe, proclaim the Traitor:
And, if a Name

More foul than Traitor be, 'tis Renegade.

Dor. If I'm a Traitor, think, and blush thou Tyrant,
Whose Injuries betray'd me into Treason,
Effac'd my Loyalty, unhing'd my Faith,
And hurry'd me from Hopes of Heaven to Hell.
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd Crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the Saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy Damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous Arrogance again,
That bred my first Dislike, and then my Loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy King.

Dor. Too well I know thee, but for King no more:
This is not *Lisbon*, nor the Circle this,
Where, like a Statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By Sycophants, and Fools, the Growth of Courts:
Where thy gull'd Eyes, in all the gaudy Round,
Met nothing but a Lye in every Face;
And the gross Flattery of a gaping Croud,
Envious who first shou'd catch, and first applaud
The Stuff or Royal Nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely Words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of Courteily Style: related Actions,
Tho' modestly reported, pass'd for Boasts:
Secure of Merit if I ask'd Reward,
Thy hungry Minions thought their Rights invaded,
And the Bread snatch'd from Pimps and Parasites.

Henriquez answer'd, with a ready Lye,
'To save his King's, the Boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of *Henriquez*? Now by Heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril Taunts.

Dor.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gaul thee, that I nam'd him.
That Thing, that Nothing, but a Cringe and Smile ;
That Woman, but more daub'd ; or if a Man,
Corrupted to a Woman : thy Man Mistress.

Seb. All false as Hell or thou.

Dor. Yes ; full as false

As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard Campaigns,
And pitch'd thy Standard in these foreign Fields :
By me thy Greatness grew, thy Years grew with it,
But thy Ingratitude outgrew 'em both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st, but tell me first,
If those great Acts were done alone for me ;
If Love produc'd not some, and Pride the rest ?

Dor. Why, Love does all that's noble here below :
But all th' Advantage of that Love was thine.
For, coming fraughted back, in either Hand
With Palm and Olive, Victory and Peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own,
(For *Violante's* Vows were mine before :)
Thy Malice had Prevention, ere I spoke ;
And ask'd me *Violante* for *Henriquez*.

Seb. I meant thee a Reward of greater Worth.

Dor. Where Justice wanted, could Reward be hop'd ?
Could the robb'd Passenger expect a Bounty
From those rapacious Hands who stripp'd him first ?

Seb. He had my Promise, ere I knew thy Love.

Dor. My Services deserv'd thou shouldst revoke it.

Seb. Thy Insolence had cancell'd all thy Service ;
To violate my Laws, even in my Court,
Sacred to Peace, and safe from all Affronts ;
Ev'n to my Face, and done in my Despite,
Under the Wing of awful Majesty
To strike the Man I lov'd !

Dor. Ev'n in the Face of Heav'n, a Place more sacred,
Would I have struck the Man, who, prompt by Power,
Would seize my Right, and rob me of my Love :
But, for a Blow provok'd by thy Injustice,
The hasty Product of a just Despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the Field,
That thou should'st make a Coward's Cause thy own ?

Seb.

Seb. He durst : nay more, desir'd and begg'd with
To meet thy Challenge fairly : 'twas thy Fault [Tears,
To make it publick ; but my Duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my Displeasure,
Betwixt your Swords.

Dor. On pain of Infamy
He should have disobey'd.

Seb. Th' Indignity thou didst was meant to me :
Thy gloomy Eyes were cast on me with Scorn,
As who should say, the Blow was there intended ;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy Hands
Against anointed Power : — so was I forc'd
To do a Sovereign Justice to my self,
And spurn thee from my Presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell my self :
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live ;
And live to hear it boasted to my Face.
All my long Avarice of Honour lost,
Heap'd up in Youth, and hoarded up for Age ;
Has Honour's Fountain then suck'd back the Stream ?
He has ; and hooting Boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather Pebbles from the naked Ford.
Give me my Love, my Honour ; give 'em back —
Give me Revenge, while I have Breath to ask it —

Seb. Now by this honour'd Order which I wear,
More gladly would I give, than thou dar'st ask it —
Nor shall the sacred Character of King
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold Appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal :
The Wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with Ingratitude ;
Hast thou not charg'd me ? speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have :
If thou disown'st that Imputation, draw,
And prove my Charge a Lye.

Seb. No ; to disprove that Lye I must not draw :
Be conscious to thy Worth, and tell thy Soul
What thou hast done this day in my Defence :
To fight thee, after this, what were it else

Than

Than owning that Ingratitude thou urgest ?
That *Isthmus* stands between two rushing Seas ;
Which mounting, view each other from afar :
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that *Isthmus*.

Thou know'st, I meant not to preserve thy Life,
But to reprieve it, for my own Revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable Malice :
Now draw ; I should be loth to think thou dar'st not :
Beware of such another vile Excuse.

Seb. O Patience, Heav'n ?

Dor. Beware of Patience too ;
That's a suspicious Word : It had been proper,
Before thy Foot had spurn'd me ; now 'tis base :
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last Defence,
I have thy Oath for my Security :
The only Boon I begg'd was this fair Combat :
Fight or be perjur'd now ; that's all thy Choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thank'd:

[Drawing.

Never was Vow of Honour better paid,
If my true Sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly Bridegroom, on his Wedding-Night,
More gladly enters not the Lists of Love.

Why 'tis Enjoyment to be summon'd thus.

Go : Bear my Message to *Henriquez*' Ghost ;

And say his Master and his Friend reveng'd him.

Dor. His Ghost ! then is my hated Rival dead ?

Seb. The Question is beside our present Purpose ;
Thou seest me ready ; we delay too long.

Dor. A Minute is not much in either's Life,
When there's but one betwixt us ; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead : Make haste, and thou mayst yet
o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
I pry'thee let me hedge one Moment more
Into thy Promise : For thy Life preserv'd,
Be kind ; and tell me how that Rival dy'd,
Whose Death next thine I wish'd.

Seb.

Seb. If it would please thee, thou shou'dst never know :
 But thou, like Jealousy, enquir'st a Truth,
 Which sonnd will torture thee: He dy'd in Fight :
 Fought next my Person ; as in Confort fought :
 Kept Pace for Pace, and Blow for every Blow ;
 Save when he heav'd his Shield in my Defence ;
 And on his naked Side receiv'd my Wound.
 Then when he could no more, he fell at once :
 But rowl'd his falling Body crosse their Way ;
 And made a Bulwark of it for his Prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a Death !

Seb. I prophesy'd thy proud Soul could not bear it.
 Now judge thy self, who best deserv'd my Love.
 I knew you both ; and (durst I say) as Heav'n
 Foreknew among the shining Angel Host
 Who would stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n ;
 And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown ; what is, appears ;
 Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent Stars,
 My Fortune had been his, and his been mine.
 O worse than Hell ! what Glory have I lost,
 And what has he acquir'd by such a Death !
 I should have fallen by *Sebastian's* side,
 My Corps had been the Bulwark of my King.
 His glorious End was a patch'd Work of Fate,
 Ill sort'd with a soft effeminate Life ;
 It suited better with my Life than his
 So to have dy'd : Mine had been of a Piece,
 Spent in your Service, dying at your Fost.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his Life,
 The more his Fame, to struggle to the Field,
 And meet his glorious Fate : Confess, proud Spirit,
 (For I will have it from thy very Mouth)
 That better he deserv'd my Love than thou.

Dor. O, whither would you drive me ! I must grant,
 Yes I must grant, but with a swelling Soul,
Henriquez had your Love with more Desert :
 For you he fought, and dy'd ; I fought against you ;
 Thro'

Thro' all the Mazes of the bloody Field,
Hunted your sacred Life ; which that I miss'd
Was the propitious Error of my Fate,
Not of my Soul ; my Soul's a Regicide.

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle Name :
Thou mean'st to kill a Tyrant, not a King. [*More calmly.*
Speak, didst thou not, *Alonzo*?

Dor. Can I speak!

Alas, I cannot answer to *Alonzo* :

No, *Dorax* cannot answer to *Alonzo* :

Alonzo was too kind a Name for me.

Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your Arms;
In that blest Age I was the Man you nam'd :
Till Rage and Pride debas'd me into *Dorax* ;
And lost like *Lucifer* my Name above.

Seb. Yet twice this Day I ow'd my Life to *Dorax*.

Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you ; there's my Grief.

Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent :
Thou couldst not be a Villain, tho' thou wouldst :
Thou own'st too much in owning thou hast err'd ;
And I too little, who provok'd thy Crime.

Dor. O stop this headlong Torrent of your Goodness :
It comes too fast upon a feeble Soul,
Half drown'd in Tears before ; spare my Confusion :
For Pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, thro' Guilt and Shame,
To throw my self beneath your Royal Feet.

[*Falls at his Feet.*

Now spurn this Rebel, this proud Renegade :

'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask Forgiveness first,
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.

[*Taking him up.*

Yes I will raise thee up with better News :

Thy *Violante*'s Heart was ever thine ;

Compell'd to wed, because she was my Ward,

Her Soul was absent when she gave her Hand :

Nor could my Threats, or his pursuing Courtship,

Effect the Consummation of his Love :

So, still indulging Tears, she pines for thee,

A Widow and a Maid.

[me?]

Dor. Have I been cursing Heav'n, while Heav'n blest
I shall run mad with Extasy of Joy :

What, in one Moment, to be reconcil'd
To Heav'n, and to my King, and to my Love!
But Pity is my Friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy Rival: Poor *Henriquez*?

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Nay, then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my Arms: [*Embracing him.*
And all our Quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what *Henriquez* was: Be my *Alonzo*.

Dor. What, my *Alonzo*, said you? my *Alonzo*!
Let my Tears thank you; for I cannot speak:
And if I could,

Words were not made to vent such Thoughts as mine.

Seb. Some strange Reverse of Fate must sure attend
This vast Profusion, this Extravagance
Of Heav'n, to bless me thus. 'Tis Gold so pure,
It cannot bear the Stamp, without Allay.
Be kind, ye Powers, and take but half away:
With ease the Gifts of Fortune I resign;
But, let my Love, and Friend, be ever mine. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE is a Room of State.

Enter Dorax and Antonio.

Dor. JOY is on every Face, without a Cloud:
As, in the Scene of opening Paradise,
The whole Creation danc'd at their new Being;
Pleas'd to be what they were; pleas'd with each other.
Such Joy have I, both in my self, and Friends:
And double Joy that I have made 'em happy.

Ant.

Ant. Pleasure has been the Bus'ness of my Life;
And every Change of Fortune easy to me,
Because I still was easy to my self.
The Loss of her I lov'd would touch me nearest;
Yet, if I found her, I might love too much,
And that's uneasy Pleasure.

Dor. If she be fated
To be your Wife, your Fate will find her for you:
Predestinated Ills are never lost.

Ant. I had forgot
To enquire before, but long to be inform'd;
How, poison'd and betray'd, and round beset,
You could unwind your self from all these Dangers;
And move so speedily to our Relief!

Dor. The double Poisons, after a short Combat;
Expell'd each other in their Civil War,
By Nature's Benefit; and rous'd my Thoughts
To guard that Life which now I found attack'd.
I summon'd all my Officers in haste,
On whose experienc'd Faith I might rely:
All came resolv'd to die in my Defence,
Save that one Villain who betray'd the Gate.
Our Diligence prevented the Surprise
We justly fear'd: So *Muley-Zeydan* found us
Drawn up in Battle, to receive the Charge.

Ant. But how the *Moors* and *Christian* Slaves were
You have not yet unfolded. (join'd,

Dor. That remains.
We knew their Interest was the same with ours:
And tho' I hated more than Death, *Sebastian*;
I could not see him die by vulgar Hands:
But prompted by my Angel, or by his,
Freed all the Slaves, and plac'd him next my self,
Because I would not have his Person known.
I need not tell the rest, th' Event declares it.

Ant. Your Conquests came of course; their Men
were raw,
And yours were disciplin'd: One Doubt remains,
Why you industriously conceal'd the King,
Who, known, had added Courage to his Men?

Dor. I would not hazard civil Broils betwixt
His Friends and mine: Which might prevent our Com-
Yet, had he fall'n, I had dismiss'd his Troops; (bat.
Or if victorious, order'd his Escape.
But I forgot a new Increase of Joy,
To feast him with Surprise; I must about it:
Expect my swift Return. [Exit Dorax.]

Enter a Servant to Antonio.

Ser. Here's a Lady at the Door, that bids me tell
you, she is come to make an end of the Game, that was
broken off betwixt you.

Ant. What manner of Woman is she? Does she not
want two of the four Elements? has she any thing about
her but Air and Fire?

Ser. Truly, she flies about the Room, as if she had
Wings instead of Legs; I believe she's just turning into
a Bird: A House-bird I warrant her: And so hasty to
fly to you, that rather than fail of Entrance, she would
come tumbling down the Chimney, like a Swallow.

Enter Morayma.

Ant. [Running to her, and embracing her.] Look if
she be not here already! What, no Denial it seems will
serve your turn? why, thou little Dun, is thy Debt so
pressing?

Mor. Little Devil if you please: Your Lease is out,
good Mr. Conjuror; and I am come to fetch your Soul
and Body; not an Hour of Leudness longer in this
World for you.

Ant. Where the Devil hast thou been? and how the
Devil didst thou find me here?

Mor. I follow'd you into the Castle-yard: But there
was nothing but Tumult and Confusion: And I was bo-
dily afraid of being pick'd up by some of the Rabble:
Considering I had a double Charge about me — my
Jewels, and my Maiden-head.

Ant. Both of 'em intended for my Worship's sole
Use and Property.

Mor. And what was poor little I among 'em all?

Ant. Not a mouthful a-piece: 'Twas too much odds
in Conscience.

Mor.

Mor. So seeking for shelter, I naturally ran to the old Place of Affignation, the Garden-House : Where for want of Instinct, you did not follow me.

Ant. Well, for thy Comfort, I have secur'd thy Father; and I hope thou hast secur'd his Effects for us.

Mor. Yes, truly, I had the prudent Foresight to consider that when we grow old, and weary of solacing one another. we might have, at least, wherewithal to make merry with the World; and take up with a worse Pleasure of Eating and Drinking, when we were disabled for a better.

Ant. Thy Fortune will be e'en too good for thee: For thou art going into the Country of Serenades and Gallantries; where thy Street will be haunted every Night with thy foolish Lovers, and my Rivals; who will be sighing, and singing under thy inexorable Windows, lamentable Ditties, and call thee cruel, and Goddess, and Moon, and Stars, and all the poetical Names of wicked Rhyme. While thou and I are minding our Bus'ness, and jogging on, and laughing at 'em, at leisure Minutes; which will be very few, take that by way of threatening.

Mor. I am afraid you are not very valiant, that you huff so much beforehand. But, they say, your Churches are fine Places for Love-Devotion: Many a she Saint is there worshipped.

Ant. Temples are there as they are in all other Countries, good Conveniencies for dumb Interviews: I hear the Protestants are not much reform'd in that Point neither; for their Sectaries call their Churches by the natural Name of Meeting-houses. Therefore I warn thee in good time, not more of Devotion than needs must, good future Spouse; and always in a Veil: for those Eyes of thine are damn'd Enemies to Mortification.

Mor. The best thing I have heard of Christendom, is, that we Women are allow'd the Privilege of having Souls; and I assure you, I shall make bold to bestow mine upon some Lover, when ever you begin to go astray; and if I find no Convenience in a Church, a private Chamber will serve the Turn.

Ant. When that Day comes, I must take my Revenge, and turn Gardener again: For I find I am much given to Planting.

Mor. But take heed in the mean time, that some young *Antonio* does not spring up in your own Family; as false as his Father, tho' of another Man's Planting.

Re-enter Dorax with Sebastian and Almeyda. Sebastian enters speaking to Dorax, while in the mean time Antonio presents Morayma to Almeyda.

Seb. How fares our Royal Pris'ner, *Muley-Zeydan*?

Dor. Dispos'd to grant whatever I desire,
To gain a Crown, and Freedom: Well I know him,
Of easy Temper, naturally good,
And faithful to his Word.

Seb. Yet one thing wants,
To fill the Measure of my Happiness;
I'm still in pain for poor *Alvarez*' Life.

Dor. Release that Fear, the good old Man is safe:
I paid his Ransom;
And have already order'd his Attendance.

Seb. O bid him enter, for I long to see him.
Enter Alvarez with a Servant, who departs when Alvarez is enter'd.

Alv. Now by my Soul, and by these hoary Hairs,
[Falling down, and embracing the King's Knees.
I'm so o'er-whelm'd with Pleasure, that I feel
A latter Spring within my with'ring Limbs,
That shoots me out again.

Seb. Thou good old Man! [Raising him.
Thou hast deceiv'd me into more, more Joys;
Who stood brim-full before.

Alv. O my dear Child!
I love thee so, I cannot call thee King,
Whom I so oft have dandled in these Arms!
What, when I gave thee lost, to find thee living!
'Tis like a Father who himself had 'scap'd
A falling House, and after anxious Search,
Hears from afar, his only Son within:
And digs thro' Rubbish, till he drags him out

To see the friendly Light.

Such is my Haste, so trembling is my Joy,
To draw thee forth from underneath thy Fate.

Seb. The Tempest is o'er-blown; the Skies are clear,
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm so still,
That not a Wrinkle ruffles her smooth Face.

Alv. Just such she shows before a rising Storm:
And therefore am I come with timely Speed,
To warn you into Port.

Alm. My Soul fore-bodes [Aside.]
Some dire Event involv'd in those dark Words;
And just disclosing in a Birth of Fate.

Alv. Is there not yet an Heir of this vast Empire,
Who still survives of *Muley-Moluch's* Branch?

Dor. Yes, such a one there is a Captive here,
And Brother to the Dead.

Alv. The Pow'rs above
Be prais'd for that: My Prayers for my good Master
I hope are heard.

Seb. Thou hast a Right in Heav'n.
But why these Prayers for me?

Alv. A Door is open yet for your Deliverance.
Now you my Country-men, and you *Almeyda*,
Now all of us, and you (my All in one)
May yet be happy in that Captive's Life.

Seb. We have him here an honourable Hostage
For Terms of Peace: What more he can contribute
To make me blest, I know not.

Alv. Vastly more:
Almeyda may be settled in the Throne;
And you review your native Clime with Fame:
A firm Alliance, and eternal Peace,
(The glorious Crown of honourable War)
Are all included in that Prince's Life:
Let this fair Queen be given to *Muley-Zeydan*:
And make her Love the Sanction of your League.

Seb. No more of that: His Life's in my dispose;
And Pris'ners are not to insist on Terms,
Or if they were, yet he demands not these.

Alv. You should exact 'em.

Alm. Better may be made ;

These cannot ; I abhor the Tyrant's Race ;

My Parents Murderers, my Throne's Usurpers.

But, at one Blow, to cut off all Dispute,

Know this, thou busy, old, officious Man,

I am a Christian ; now be wise no more ;

Or if thou wouldst be still thought wise, be silent.

Alv. O I perceive you think your Int'rest touch'd :

'Tis what before the Battel I observ'd :

But I must speak, and will.

Seb. I pr'ythee Peace :

Perhaps she thinks they are too near of Blood.

Alv. I wish she may not wed to Blood more near.

Seb. What if I make her mine ?

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid !

Seb. Wish rather Heav'n may grant.

For, if I cou'd deserve, I have deserv'd her :

My Toils, my Hazards, and my Subjects Lives,

(Provided she consent) may claim her Love ;

And, that once granted, I appeal to these,

If better I could chuse a beauteous Bride.

Ant. The fairest of her Sex.

Mor. The Pride of Nature.

Dor. He only merits her ; she only him.

So pair'd, so suited in their Minds and Persons,

That they were fram'd the Tallies for each other.

If any Alien Love had interpos'd,

It must have been an Eye-sore to Beholders,

And to themselves a Curse.

Alv. And to themselves.

The greatest Curse that can be, were to join.

Seb. Did not I love thee, past a Change to hate,

That Word had been thy Ruin ; but no more,

I charge thee on thy Life, perverse old Man.

Alv. Know, Sir, I would be silent if I durst :

But, if on Shipboard, I should see my Friend

Grown Frantick in a raging Calenture,

And he, imagining vain flowry Fields,

Would headlong plunge himself into the Deep ;

Should

Should I not hold him from that mad Attempt,
Till his sick Fancy were by Reason cur'd?

Seb. I pardon thee th' Effects of doting Age;
Vain Doubts, and idle Cares, and Over-Caution;
The second Non-age of a Soul, more wise;
But now decay'd, and sunk into the Socket,
Peeping by Fits, and giving feeble Light.

Alv. Have you forgot?

Seb. Thou mean'st my Father's Will,
In bar of Marriage to *Almeyda's* Bed:
Thou see'st my Faculties are still entire,
Tho' thine are much impair'd. I weigh'd that Will,
And found 'twas ground'd on our diff'rent Faiths;
But, had he liv'd to see her happy Change,
He would have cancell'd that harsh Interdict,
And join'd our Hands himself.

Alv. Still had he liv'd and seen this Change,
He still had been the same.

Seb. I have a dark Remembrance of my Father;
His Reas'nings and his Actions both were just;
And, granting that, he must have chang'd his Measures.

Alv. Yes, he was just, and therefore could not change.

Seb. 'Tis a base Wrong thou offer'st to the Dead.

Alv. Now Heav'n forbid,
That I should blast his pious Memory:
No, I am tender of his holy Fame:
For dying he bequeath'd it to my Charge.
Believe, I am; and seek to know no more,
But pay a blind Obedience to his Will.
For to preserve his Fame I would be silent.

Seb. Craz'd Fool, who wouldst be thought an Oracle,
Come down from off the Tripod, and speak plain:
My Father shall be justify'd, he shall:
'Tis a Son's Part to rise in his Defence;
And to confound thy Malice, or thy Dotage.

Alv. It does not grieve me that you hold me craz'd:
But, to be clear'd at my dead Master's cost,
O there's the Wound! but let me first adjure you,
By all you owe that dear departed Soul,
No more to think of Marriage with *Almeyda*.

Seb. Not Heav'n and Earth combin'd can hinder it.

Alv. Then witness Heav'n and Earth, how loth I am
To say, you must not, nay you cannot wed.
And since not only a dead Father's Fame,
But more, a La-ty's Honour must be touch'd,
Which nice as Ermines will not bear a Soil;
Let all retire: That you alone may hear
What ev'n in Whispers I would tell your Ear.

[*All are going out.*]

Alm. Not one of you depart; I charge you stay.
And were my Voice a Trumpet loud as Fame,
To reach the Round of Heav'n, and Earth, and Sea,
All Nations should be summon'd to this Place.
So little do I fear that Fellow's Charge:
So should my Honour like a rising Swan,
Brush with her Wings the falling Drops away,
And proudly plough the Waves.

Seb. This noble Pride becomes thy Innocence:
And I dare trust my Father's Memory,
To stand the Charge of that foul forging Tongue.

Alv. It will be soon discover'd if I forge:
Have you not heard your Father in his Youth,
When newly marry'd, travell'd into Spain,
And made a long Abode in Philip's Court?

Seb. Why so remote a Question? which thy self
Can answer to thy self, for thou wert with him,
His Fav'rite, as I oft have heard thee boast,
And nearest to his Soul.

Alv. Too near indeed, forgive me gracious Heav'n,
That ever I should boast I was so near:
The Confident of all his young Amours.
And have not you, unhappy Beauty, heard, [*To Alm.*]
Have you not often heard, your exil'd Parents
Were refug'd in that Court, and at that Time?

Alm. 'Tis true: And often since, my Mother own'd
How kind that Prince was, to espouse her Cause;
She counsell'd, nay, enjoin'd me on her Blessing,
To seek the Sanctuary of your Court:
Which gave me first Encouragement to come,
And with my Brother, beg Sebastian's Aid.

Seb.

Seb. Thou help'st me well, to justify my War:
 [To Alm.] My dying Father swore me, then a Boy,
 And made me kiss the Cross upon his Sword,
 Never to sheath it, till that exil'd Queen
 Were by my Arms restor'd.

Alv. And can you find
 No Myst'ry couch'd in this Excess of Kindness?
 Were Kings e'er known, in this degenerate Age,
 So passionately fond of noble Acts,
 Where Interest shar'd not more than half with Honour?

Seb. Base groveling Soul, who know'st not Honour's
 But weigh'st it out in mercenary Scales; [Worth;
 The secret Pleasure of a generous Act,
 Is the great Mind's great Bribe.

Alv. Show me that King, and I'll believe the Phoenix.
 But knock at your own Breast, and ask your Soul
 If those fair fatal Eyes edg'd not your Sword,
 More than your Father's Charge, and all your Vows?
 If so, and so your Silence grants it is,
 Know, King, your Father had, like you, a Soul;
 And Love is your Inheritance from him.

Almeyda's Mother too had Eyes, like her,
 And not less charming; and were charm'd no less
 Than yours are now with her, and hers with you.

Alm. Thou ly'st, Impostor; perjur'd Fiend, thou ly'st.

Seb. Was't not enough to brand my Father's Fame,
 But thou must load a Lady's Memory?
 O infamous, O base, beyond Repair!
 And to what End this ill-concerted Lye,
 Which palpable and gross, yet granted true,
 It bars not my inviolable Vows?

Alv. Take heed, and double not your Father's Crimes;
 To his Adult'ry do not add your Incest.
 Know, she's the Product of unlawful Love,
 And 'tis your carnal Sister you wou'd wed.

Seb. Thou shalt not say thou wert condemn'd unheard;
 Else, by my Soul, this Moment were thy last.

Alm. But think not Oaths shall justify thy Charge;
 Nor Imprecations on thy cursed Head.
 For who dares lye to Heaven, thinks Heaven a Jest.

Thou hast confes'd thy self the conscious Pandar
Of that pretended Passion ;

A single Witness infamously known,
Against two Persons of unquestion'd Fame.

Alv. What Interest can I have, or what Delight
To blaze their Shame, or to divulge my own ?
If prov'd, you hate me ; if unprov'd, condemn.
Not Racks or Tortures cou'd have forc'd this Secret,
But too much Care to save you from a Crime,
Which would have sunk you both. For let me say,
Almeyda's Beauty well deserves your Love.

Alm. Out base Impostor, I abhor thy Praise.

Dor. It looks not like Imposture ; but a Truth,
On utmost Need reveal'd.

Seb. Did I expect from *Dorax* this Return ?
Is this the Love renew'd ?

Dor. Sir, I am silent ;
Pray Heav'n my Fears prove false.

Seb. Away ; you all combine to make me wretched.

Alv. But hear the Story of that fatal Love ;
Where every Circumstance shall prove another ;
And Truth so shine by her own native Light,
That if a Lye were mixt, it must be seen.

Seb. No ; all may still be forg'd, and of a piece.
No ; I can credit nothing thou canst say.

Alv. One Proof remains : and that's your Father's
Firm'd with his Signet ; both so fully known, [Hand :
That plainer Evidencee can hardly be,
Unless his Soul wou'd want her Heav'n awhile,
And come on Earth to swear.

Seb. Produce that Writing.

Alv. [to *Dorax*.] *Alonzo* has it in his Custody.
The same, which when his Nobleness redeem'd me,
And in a friendly Visit own'd himself
For what he is, I then deposited :
And had his Faith to give it to the King.

Dor. Untouch'd, and seal'd, as when intrusted with me.
[Giving a seal'd Paper to the King.
Such I restore it with a trembling Hand,
Lest ought within disturb your Peace of Soul.

Seb.

Seb. Draw near, *Almeyda* : thou art most concern'd :
[*Tearing open the Seals.*]

For I am most in thee.

Alonzo, mark the Characters :

'Thou know'st my Father's Hand, observe it well :

And if th' Impostor's Pen have made one slip,

That shews it Counterfeit, mark that and save me.

Dor. It looks indeed too like my Master's Hand :

So does the Signet : more I cannot say :

But wish 'twere not so like.

Seb. Methinks it owns

The black Adult'ry, and *Almeyda's* Birth :

But such a Mist of Grief comes o'er my Eyes,

I cannot, or I wou'd not read it plain.

Alm. Heaven cannot be more true, than this is false.

Seb. O cou'dst thou prove it with the same Assurance,
Speak, hast thou ever seen my Father's Hand ?

Alm. No ; but my Mother's Honour has been read

By me, and by the World, in all her Acts ;

In Characters more plain and legible

Than this dumb Evidence, this blotted Lye.

Oh that I were a Man, as my Soul's one,

To prove thee Traitor, and Assassinate

Of her Fame : thus mov'd I'd tear thee, thus : —

[*Tearing the Paper.*]

And scatter o'er the Field thy Coward Limbs,

Like this foul Off-spring of thy forging Brain.

[*Scatt'ring the Paper.*]

Alv. Just so shalt thou be torn from all thy Hopes.

For know, proud Woman, know in thy despite,

The most authentick Proof is still behind.

Thou wear'st it on thy Finger ; 'tis that Ring,

Which match'd to that on his, shall clear the Doubt.

'Tis no dumb Forgery : for that shall speak ;

And sound a rattling Peal to either's Conscience.

Seb. This Ring indeed, my Father, with a cold

And shaking Hand, just in the Pangs of Death,

Put on my Finger ; with a parting Sigh,

And wou'd have spoke ; but falter'd in his Speech

With undistinguish'd Sound.

Alv.

Alv. I know it well :
For I was present : now *Almeyda*, Speak :
And truly tell us, how you came by yours.

Alm. My Mother, when I parted from her Sight
To go to *Portugal*, bequeath'd it to me,
Presaging she should never see me more :
She pull'd it from her Finger, shed some Tears,
Kiss'd it, and told me 'twas a Pledge of Love,
And h'd a Mystery of great Importance
Relating to my Fortunes.

Alv. Mark me now,
While I disclose that fatal Mystery,
Those Rings, when you were born and thought another's,
Your Parent's glowing yet in sinful Love,
Bid me bespeak : a curious Artist wrought 'em,
With Joints so close, as not to be perceiv'd ;
Yet are they both each other's Counterpart,
Her Part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda*,
(You know those Names are theirs :) and in the midst,
A Heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now if the Rivets of those Rings inclos'd,
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this Lye :
But if they join, you must for ever part.

[*Sebastian pulling off his Ring, Almeyda does the same, and gives it to Alv. who unscrews both the Rings, and fits one half to the other.*

Seb. Now Life or Death.

Alm. And either thine or ours.
I'm lost for ever. —

[*Swoons.*

[*The Women and Morayma take her up, and carry her off.*

[*Sebastian here stands amaz'd without Motion, his Eyes fixt upward.*

Seb. Look to the Queen my Wife; for I am past
All pow'r of Aid to her or to my self.

Alv. His Wife, said he, his Wife ! O fatal Sound !
For, had I known it, this unwelcome News
Had never reach'd their Ears,

So

So they had still been blest in Ignorance,
And I alone unhappy.

Dor. I knew it but too late, and durst not speak.

Seb. [*Starting out of his Amazement.*] I will not live,
no not a Moment more;

I will not add one Moment more to Incest:

I'll cut it off, and end a wretched Being.

For, shou'd I live, my Soul's so little mine,

And so much hers, that I should still enjoy.

Ye cruel Powers,

Take me as you have made me, miserable;

You cannot make me guilty; 'twas my Fate,

And you made that, not I. [*Draws his Sword.*

[*Ant. and Alv. lay hold on him, and Dorax wrests
the Sword out of his Hand.*

Ant. For Heav'n's sake hold, and recollect your Mind.

Alv. Consider whom you punish, and for what;

Your self unjustly: You have charg'd the Fault

On Heav'n, that best may bear it.

Tho' Incest is indeed a deadly Crime,

You are not guilty, since unknown 'twas done,

And known, had been abhorr'd.

Seb. By Heav'n you're Traitors all, that hold my Hands.

If Death be but Cessation of our Thought,

Then let me die, for I would think no more.

I'll boast my Innocence above;

And let 'em see a Soul they cou'd not fully:

I shall be there before my Father's Ghost;

That yet must languish long in Frosts and Fires,

For making me unhappy by his Crime: [*Struggling again.*

Stand off, and let me take my fill of Death;

For I can hold my Breath in your Despite,

And swell my heaving Soul out, when I please.

Alv. Heav'n comfort you!

Seb. What, art thou giving Comfort!

Wouldst thou give Comfort, who hast giv'n Despair?

Thou seest *Alonzo* silent; he's a Man.

He knows, that Men abandon'd of their Hopes

Shou'd ask no Leave, nor stay for suing out

A tedious Writ of Ease from lingering Heav'n,

But

But help themselves, as timely as they cou'd,
And teach the Fates their Duty.

Dor. [to *Alv.* and *Ant.*] Let him go.
He is our King; and he shall be obey'd.

Alv. What, to destroy himself? O Parricide!

Dor. Be not injurious in your foolish Zeal,
But leave him free; or by my Sword I swear,
To hew that Arm away, that stops the Passage
To his eternal Rest.

Ant. [Letting go his Hold.] Let him be guilty of his
own Death if he pleases; for I'll not be guilty of mine,
by holding him. [The King shakes off *Alv.*

Alv. [to *Dor.*] Infernal Fiend,
Is this a Subject's Part?

Dor. 'Tis a Friend's Office.
He has convinc'd me, that he ought to die,
And rather than he should not, here's my Sword
To help him on his Journey.

Seb. My last, my only Friend, how kind art thou,
And how inhumane these!

Dor. To make the Trifle Death a thing of Moment!

Seb. And not to weigh th'important Cause I had
To rid my self of Life!

Dor. True; for a Crime
So horrid in the Face of Men and Angels,
As wilful Incest is!

Seb. Not wilful neither.

Dor. Yes, if you liv'd, and with repeated Acts
Refresh'd your Sin, and loaded Crimes with Crimes,
To swell your Scores of Guilt.

Seb. True; if I liv'd.

Dor. I said so, if you liv'd.

Seb. For hitherto was fatal Ignorance,
And no intended Crime.

Dor. That you best know:
But the malicious World will judge the worst.

Alv. O what a Sophister has Hell procur'd,
To argue for Damnation!

Dor. Peace, old Dotard.
Mankind that always judge of Kings with Malice,

Will

Will think he knew this Incest, and pursu'd it.
His only way to rectify Mistakes,
And to redeem her Honour, is to die.

Seb. Thou hast it right, my dear, my best *Alonzo*!
And that, but petty Reparation too;
But all I have to give.

Dor. Your Pardon, Sir;
You may do more, and ought.

Seb. What, more than Death?

Dor. Death? why, that's Children's Sport; a Stage-
Play, Death.

We act it every Night we go to Bed.
Death to a Man in Misery is Sleep.
Wou'd you, who perpetrated such a Crime,
As frighten'd Nature, made the Saints above
Shake Heav'n's eternal Pavement with their Trembling
To view that Act, wou'd you but barely die?
But stretch your Limbs, and turn on t'other Side;
To lengthen out a black voluptuous Slumber,
And dream you had your Sister in your Arms?

Seb. To expiate this, can I do more than die?

Dor. O yes: you must do more; you must be damn'd:
You must be damn'd to all eternity;
And sure Self-Murder is the readiest Way.

Seb. How, damn'd?

Dor. Why, is that News?

Alw. O, Horror! Horror!

Dor. What, thou a Statesman,
And make a Bus'ness of Damnation
In such a World as this! why, 'tis a Trade:
The Scrivener, Usurer, Lawyer, Shop-keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live but by Damnation.
The Politician does it by Advance,
And gives all gone before-hand.

Seb. O, thou hast given me such a Glimpse of Hell,
So push'd me forward, even to the Brink
Of that irremeable burning Gulph,
That looking in th' Abyss, I dare not leap.
And now I see what good thou mean'st my Soul,
And thank thy pious Fraud: thou hast indeed

Appear'd a Devil, but didst an Angel's Work.

Dor. 'Twas the last Remedy, to give you Leisure :
For, if you cou'd but think, I knew you safe.

Seb. I thank thee, my *Alonzo* : I will live :
But never more to *Portugal* return :
For, to go back and reign, that were to shew
Triumphant Incest, and pollute the Throne.

Alv. Since Ignorance——

Seb. O, palliate not my Wound ;
When you have argu'd all you can, 'tis Incest :
No, 'tis resolv'd, I charge you plead no more ;
I cannot live without *Almeyda's* Sight,
Nor can I see *Almeyda*, but I sin.
Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sacred Thought,
To live alone to Heav'n, and die to her.

Dor. Mean you to turn an Anchoret ?

Seb. What else ?

The World was once too narrow for my Mind,
But one poor little Nook will serve me now,
To hide me from the rest of human Kind.

Africk has Defarts wide enough to hold
Millions of Monsters, and I am, sure, the greatest.

Alv. You may repent, and wish your Crown too late.

Seb. O never, never ; I am past a Boy,
A Scepter's but a Play-thing, and a Globe
A bigger bounding Stone. He who can leave
Almeyda, may renounce the rest with Ease.

Dor. O truly great !

A Soul fix'd high, and capable of Heav'n.
Old as he is, your Uncle Cardinal
Is not so far enamour'd of a Cloyster,
But he will thank you for the Crown you leave him.

Seb. To please him more, let him believe me dead :
That he may never dream I may return.

Alonzo. I am now no more thy King,
But still thy Friend, and by that holy Name
Adjure thee, to perform my last Request :
Make our Conditions with yon' Captive King.
Secure me but my solitary Cell ;
'Tis all I ask him for a Crown restor'd.

Dor.

Dor. I will do more :

But fear not *Muley-Zeydan* ; his soft Metal
Melts down with easy Warmth ; runs in the Mould,
And needs no further Forge. [Exit. *Dor.*

*Re-enter Almeyda led by Morayma, and follow'd
by her attendants.*

Seb. See where she comes again.

By Heav'n, when I behold those beauteous Eyes,
Repentance lags, and Sin comes hurrying on.

Alm. This is too cruel !

Seb. Speak'st thou of Love, of Fortune, or of Death,
Or double Death ? for we must part, *Almeyda*.

Alm. I speak of all.

For all things that belong to us are cruel.

But what's most cruel, we must love no more.

O 'tis too much that I must never see you,

But not to love you is impossible :

No, I must love you : Heav'n may bate me that,

And charge that sinful Sympathy of Souls

Upon our Parents, when they lov'd too well.

Seb. Good Heav'n, thou speak'st my Thoughts, and I
Nay, then there's Incest in our very Souls ; [speak thine.
For we were form'd too like.

Alm. Too like indeed ;

And yet not for each other :

Sure when we part (for I resolv'd it too ;

Tho' you propos'd it first) however distant,

We shall be ever thinking of each other ;

And, the same Moment, for each other pray.

Seb. But if a Wish shou'd come athwart our Prayers !

Alm. It wou'd do well to curb it, if we cou'd.

Seb. We cannot look upon each other's Face,
But, when we read our Love, we read our Guilt :
And yet, methinks, I cannot chuse but love.

Alm. I wou'd have ask'd you, if I durst for Shame,
If still you lov'd ? you gave it Air before me.

Ah, why were we not born both of a Sex ?

For then we might have lov'd without a Crime.

Why was not I your Brother ? tho' that Wish
Involv'd our Parents Guilt, we had not parted ;

We

We had been Friends, and Friendship is no Incest.

Seb. Alas, I know not by what Name to call thee!
Sister and Wife are the two dearest Names;
And I wou'd call thee both? and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that still we must confound
The dearest Names into a common Curse.

Alm. To love, and be belov'd, and yet be wretched!

Seb. To have but one poor Night of all our Lives;
It was indeed a glorious, guilty Night:
So happy, that, forgive me Heaven, I wish
With all its Guilt, it were to come again.
Why did we know so soon, or why at all,
That Sin cou'd be conceal'd in such a Bliss?

Alm. Men have a larger Privilege of Words,
Else I should speak: but we must part, *Sebastian*;
That's all the Name that I have left to call thee.
I must not call thee by the Name I wou'd;
But when I say *Sebastian*, dear *Sebastian*,
I kiss the Name I speak.

Seb. We must make haste, or we shall never part.
I would say something that's as dear as this;
Nay, wou'd do more than say: one Moment longer,
And I shou'd break thro' Laws divine and humane;
And think 'em Cobwebs, spread for little Man,
Which all the bulky Herd of Nature breaks.
The vigorous young World was ignorant
Of these Restrictions, 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.
All this is impious; therefore we must part:
For gazing thus, I kindle at thy Sight,
And once burnt down to Tinder, light again
Much sooner than before.

Re-enter Dorax.

Alm. Here comes the sad Denouncer of my Fate,
To toll the mournful Knell of Separation:
While I, as on my Death-bed, hear the Sound,
That warns me hence for ever.

Seb. [to Dor.] Now be brief,
And I will try to listen,
And share the Minute that remains, betwixt

The

The Care I owe my Subjects, and my Love.

Dor. Your Fate has gratify'd you all she can;
Gives easy Misery, and makes Exile pleasing.

I trusted *Muley-Zeydan*, as a Friend,

But swore him first to Secrecy: he wept

Your Fortune, and with Tears, not squeez'd by Art,

But shed from Nature, like a kindly Shower:

In short, he proffer'd more than I demanded;

A safe Retreat, a gentle Solitude,

Unvex'd with Noise, and undisturb'd with Fears:

I chose you one——

Alm. O do not tell me where:

For if I knew the Place of his Abode,

I shou'd be tempted to pursue his Steps,

And then we both were lost.

Seb. Ev'n past Redemption.

For, if I knew thou wert on that Design,

(As I must know, because our Souls are one)

I shou'd not wander, but by sure Instinct,

Shou'd meet thee just half-way in Pilgrimage,

And close for ever: for I know my Love

More strong than thine, and I more frail than thou.

Alm. Tell me not that: for I must boast my Crime,
And cannot bear that thou should'st better love.

Dor. I may inform you both: for you must go,
Where Seas, and Winds, and Defarts will divide you.

Under the Ledge of *Atlas* lies a Cave,

Cut in the living Rock, by Nature's Hands;

The venerable Seat of holy Hermits;

Who there, secure in separated Cells,

Sacred ev'n to the *Moors*, enjoy Devotion:

And from the purling Streams, and savage Fruits,

Have wholesome Bev'rage, and unbloody Feasts.

Seb. 'Tis Penance too voluptuous for my Crime.

Dor. Your Subjects, conscious of your Life, are few:
But all desirous to partake your Exile,

And to do Office to your sacred Person.

The rest, who think you dead, shall be dismiss'd,

Under safe Convoy, till they reach your Fleet.

Alm. But how am wretched I to be dispos'd?

A vain Enquiry, since I leave my Lord :
For all the World beside is Banishment !

Dor. I have a Sister, Abbess in *Terceras*,
Who lost her Lover on her Bridal Day. —

Alm. There Fate provided me a Fellow-Turtle ;
To mingle Sighs with Sighs, and Tears with Tears.

Dor. Last, for my self, if I have well fulfill'd
My sad Commission, let me beg the Boon,
To share the Sorrows of your last Recess ;
And mourn the common Losses of our Loves.

Alv. And what becomes of me ? must I be left,
(As Age and Time had worn me out of Use ?)
These Sinews are not yet so much unstrung,
To fail me when my Master shou'd be serv'd :
And when they are, then will I steal to Death,
Silent and unobserv'd, to save his Tears.

Seb. I've heard you both ; *Alvarez*, have thy Wist
But thine, *Alonso*, thine is too unjust.
I charge thee with my last Commands, return,
And bless thy *Violante* with thy Vows.

Antonio, be thou happy too in thine.

Last, let me swear you all to Secrecy :
And to conceal my Shame conceal my Life.

Dor. Ant. Mor. We swear to keep it secret.

Alm. Now I wou'd speak the last Farewel, I cannot.
It wou'd be still farewel, a thousand times :
And, multiply'd in Echo's, still farewel.
I will not speak ; but think a thousand thousand ;
And be thou silent too, my last *Sebastian* ;
So let us part in the dumb Pomp of Grief.
My Heart's too great ; or I wou'd die this Moment :
But Death, I thank him, in an Hour, has made
A mighty Journey, and I haste to meet him.

[*She staggers, and her Women hold her up.*]

Seb. Help to support this feeble drooping Flower,
This tender Sweet, so shaken by the Storm.
For these fond Arms must thus be stretch'd in vain,
And never, never must embrace her more.
'Tis past : — my Soul goes in that Word — farewel.

Alv.

[Alv. goes with Seb. to one End of the Stage; Women with Alm. to the other.

Dor. coming up to Ant. and Mor. who stand on the Middle of the Stage,

Dor. Haste to attend *Almeyda*: For your Sake
Your Father is forgiven: but to *Antonio*
He forfeits half his Wealth: be happy both:
And let *Sebastian* and *Almeyda's* Fate
This dreadful Sentence to the World relate.
That unrepented Crimes of Parents dead,
Are justly punish'd on their Children's Head.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken betwixt *Antonio* and *Morayma*.

Mor. **I** Quak'd at Heart, for fear the Royal Fashion
Shou'd have seduc'd us two to Separation :
To be drawn in, against our own Desire,
Poor I to be a Nun, poor you a Fryar.

Ant. I trembled when the Old Man's Hand was in,
He wou'd have prov'd we were too near of Kin :
Discovering old Intrigues of Love, like t'other,
Betwixt my Father and thy sinful Mother ;
To make us Sister Turk and Christian Brother. }

Mor. Excuse me there ; that League shou'd have been
Betwixt your Mother and my Musti Father ; [rather
'Tis for my own and my Relations Credit,
Your Friends shou'd bear the Bastard, mine shou'd get it.

Ant. Suppose us two *Almeyda* and *Sebastian*,
With Incest prov'd upon us — }

Mor. Without Question
Their Conscience was too queazy of Digestion.

Ant. Thou wouldst have kept the Counsel of thy Brother,
And sinn'd till we repented of each other.

Mor. Beast as you are, on Nature's Laws to trample ;
'Twere fitter that we follow'd their Example.
And since all Marriage in Repentance ends,
'Tis good for us to part while we are Friends.
To save a Maid's Remorses and Confusions,
E'en leave me now before we try Conclusions.

Ant.

EPILOGUE.

*Ant. To copy their Example, first make certain
Of one good Hour, like theirs, before our Parting;
Make a Debauch o'er Night of Love and Madness;
And marry when we wake in sober Sadness.*

*Mor. I'll follow no new Sects of your inventing.
One Night might cost me nine long Months repenting:
First wed, and if you find that Life a Fetter,
Die when you please, the sooner, Sir, the better:
My Wealth wou'd get me Love ere I cou'd ask it:
Oh, there's a strange Temptation in the Casket:
All these young Sharpers wou'd my Grace importune,
And make me thund'ring Votes of Lives and Fortune.*



EPICURE

And to your Example, As mine contain
Of our good Name, like others, before me Parting;
Hence I Deduct the Right of Love and Honour;
And thus, when you shall see this Poem
I hope, I shall no more be thought to be
One that is right, but one that is a Fool;
I hope, and I am glad that I am so.
The other part, which is the best,
I wish, that I had not so long a time
Of this strange Translation in the Garden;
All this, which I have said, is now repeated;
And thus, my Friend, my Love, and Honour

